VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2939
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
JULY 28, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

BULMER'S
POMAGNE

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN
CIDER MAKERS H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD, HEREFORD
CHAMPAGNE CIDER
Also in Baby Bottles

Bass

By appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Brewers
Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd.

The great Ale of England

F M
Fortnum & Mason
for the everyday necessity
the occasional extravagance

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

Lindt
THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR
CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway" HAND TAILORED CLEVERCHANGE BELTED / UNBELTED topcoats about
BRITISH THOROUGHBRED
"DOESKIN + CASHMERE" "RACINplaid" 30 GNS.
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE WOOL PURE CASHMERE
THE WETHERALL HOUSE BOND ST. W.1

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS
FABRICA DE TABACOS EL TROVADOR JAMAICA

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TOILET SOAP MAKERS
Bronnley
FINE SOAPS
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TOILET SOAP MAKERS

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/-

Inventions in Guinness Time...4

"They'll have electricity leaking all over the house."

THE BLESSINGS OF PROGRESS

The telephone upon my wall
Will only make an outward call,
And that is why, when people come
To hear it work, its bell is dumb.

(How little do they know the proper
Use for all those miles of copper!
Or guess the reason that I nurture
Such regard for gutta-percha!)

I'm glad to say that I've divined
The use for which it was designed,
So all I ever need to say
Is, "Send a dozen Guinness, pray."

(Occasionally, it is true,
I say "I want what's Good for You.
My meaning isn't hard to tell,
For Guinness always rings the bell.)

Guinness is good for you

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10

G.E.2571

NEARER
AND CLEARER WITH
ROSS LONDON BINOCULARS

Eight models of these world famous binoculars are available in different powers from 7x to 12x including a special model for spectacle wearers. Illustrated is the 9 x 35 STEPRUVA a compact and beautifully balanced glass, ideal for racing. Price including leather case **£36.19.10.** Send for free catalogue.

ROSS ENSIGN LTD, CLAPHAM COMMON NORTH SIDE, S.W.4

Don't
be Vague
ask for

Haig

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

No Finer Whisky Goes Into Any Bottle

ONE MAN "BRAINS TRUST" AT WORK

M. J. MURPHY, *Chief Radio Officer aboard the* P & O *ship,* STRATHNAVER

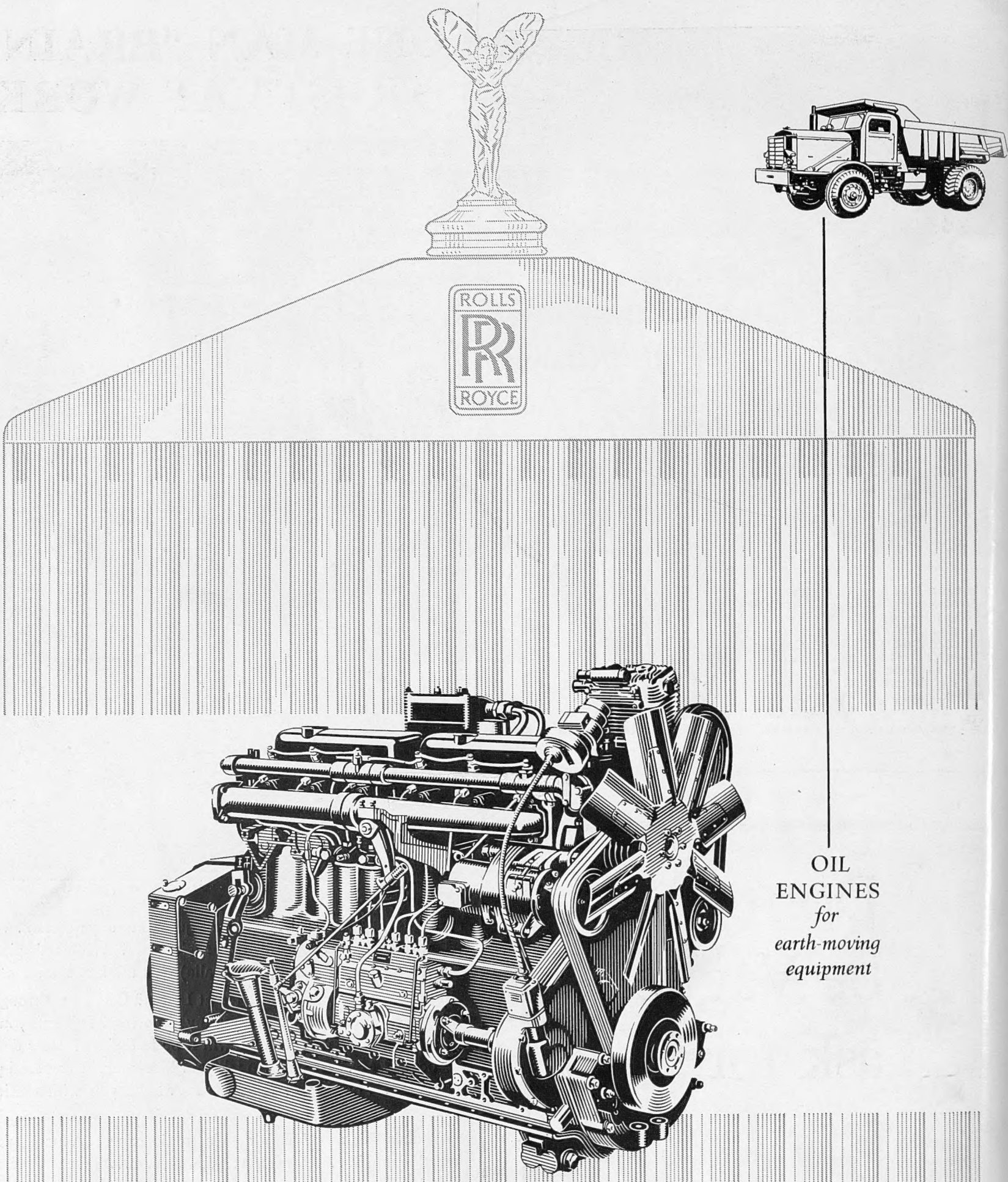
THIS is M. J. Murphy. Ask him a question—any question. What won the 3.30 at Flemington, Melbourne? While he's picking that up on 3 DB (Victoria, Australia) let's think of some more.

What was the score before tea at Lord's? Can I get through to Gibraltar from here? Will it be sunny tomorrow? Is it true you can see through a fog? What time will it be in Sydney? How deep is the ocean? Mr. Murphy can tell you. Moreover, he can send your telegrams . . . bring you the news . . . soothe you with music . . . watch over you.

What is this man? He's an electronic expert . . . mechanic . . . direction finder. . . telegraphist . . . news editor . . . and a weatherman with two excellent awards from the Meteorological Office for prompt and accurate transmission of weather reports. His three assistants keep a 24 hour watch; he rises at 5.00 A.M. and retires about midnight — if he can. *Who* is he? He is M. J. Murphy, Chief Radio Officer aboard the P & O Ship, STRATHNAVER . . . a one man "brains trust" of 41 years experience at sea . . . a vital link between ship and shore. And P & O is a vital link in the Commonwealth lifeline.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.

P & O
A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE



OIL
ENGINES
for
earth-moving
equipment

Rolls-Royce aero engines, oil engines and petrol engines are working all over the world.

Volume CCXXVI No. 2939 The SPHERE, London, July 28, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE CONFERENCE AT BRIONI—THE LEADERS OF YUGOSLAVIA, EGYPT AND INDIA MEET IN YUGOSLAVIA: Marshal Tito sits at the end of the table and enjoys a joke with Colonel Nasser (on left) and Mr. Nehru. The much-heralded talks near Pula did not produce any sensational results. The communiqué issued at the end of the meetings last Saturday contained little beyond well-intentioned generalities. Colonel Nasser, who was believed to have hoped for much from the conference, received a blow when he returned to Cairo from the news that Britain, as well as the United States, had withdrawn her offer of aid for the High Dam at Aswan.

The Brioni Conference was unusual in the sense that it brought together three men of widely differing points of view from Europe, Africa and Asia respectively. Marshal Tito is the dissident Communist who, while yielding to none in his devotion to Marxism, is wooed equally by the West and Moscow, much to the benefit of his own country. Colonel Nasser is a leading exponent of Middle Eastern Nationalism. Mr. Nehru is the prophet of Neutralism, of no commitments to either of the blocs of Great Powers, and thus the maintenance of a middle way for peace. Such strangely assorted company could hardly be expected to produce a master cure for the world's ills. In fact, Mr. Nehru appears to have been the guiding influence. The agreed communiqué spoke of support for the United Nations in dealing with disarmament and the economics of the under-developed areas. It called for co-operation with Communist China and it referred in vague terms to the problems of Germany, the Middle East and North Africa. The definite news last week-end came when Colonel Nasser was back in Cairo—Britain's refusal to help with the Aswan High Dam.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ROYALTY IN THE CITY

CLOTHWORKERS' HALL WILL RISE AGAIN : The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, lays the foundation-stone of the new Clothworkers' Hall, in Mincing Lane. The Duchess is an honorary freewoman of the Company, which has owned this site for exactly 300 years. The first Hall was erected in 1482, and was destroyed in the Great Fire. The second Hall, built in 1708, was pulled down 150 years later, and the third was bombed in 1941.

UNITED SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

THE UNITED SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES : Miss Deirdre Henty-Creer shows Mr. Hugh Pont her oil painting "Sunday at the Serpentine," during the preview of the Society's thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition. Miss Henty-Creer is a member of the Council of the Society. Works shown include water-colours, drawings, miniatures, and sculpture. Mr. Terence Cuneo is exhibiting his large canvas "Her Majesty Drinking from the Queen's Cup at the Mansion House, 19 May 1954."

AN ANCIENT CLOCK RESTORED

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL'S OLD CLOCK TICKS AGAIN : Mr. T. R. Robinson, the horologist in charge of restoration, winds the Cathedral's fourteenth-century clock, which now works for the first time in seventy years. Watching is the Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Rev. W. Louis Anderson, who rededicated the clock. Made in 1386, it is the oldest in the world remaining in almost original condition. It is on view in the nave of the Cathedral.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.,* £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.*, £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Liberty or Equality ?—Lord Beveridge last week set forth the prime objects and the limits of a Welfare State as concisely as possible. Nor do his findings suggest any change of mind since the days when he was planning such a state. In a good society all citizens have economic as well as political rights. *On condition of service* they should be assured by State action of a minimum income for their family needs at all times; that is, they must be State-protected against want, disease, squalor and ignorance. For all things beyond that minimum the individual must look to free action and decision by himself, not to State action and taxation. Money therefore must be kept stable; only if it is, can the individual plan his life and budget. Money cannot be kept stable only by Government disinflation measures. While each industry claims sovereignty in fixing money wages, no such stability is possible. Taxation at its present level limits the individual's responsibility and freedom of decision to rise by self-restraint and industry. The Labour Party still believes in taxation as a way to national wealth and social justice. Economic equality enforced by taxation is the road to a *society without variety and without freedom.* I believe that these premises, simply stated, are fundamental and exactly define the only type of Welfare State that can be justified and acceptable to a majority of Britons and quite possibly to many other races ultimately. They should be printed on a card and hung up and conned and quoted by candidates and canvassers, Ministers and Members, whenever a by-election or a general election is pending, and, indeed, whenever and wherever politics or economics are under discussion.

Airborne and Too Mobile.—It seems that Mr. Dulles is now under fire, as some of our leading Cabinet Ministers have been, for being too much "on his travels" and too seldom in his office in Washington. In three and a half years, his critics say, he has compassed the earth eleven times at "high" and equator level and has visited thirty-seven countries. And they say, as Peterkin said, and as we said, "What good came of it at last ?" A nasty cut in foreign aid from America in the teeth of the President and Mr. Dulles and very few loose ends tidied up in the tangled four corners of the world. Why handsomely pay ambassadors in every country, civilised and semi-civilised, if their chief functions to-day are to greet and entertain the Foreign Secretary and stand by while he does their work ? That was one of *our* arguments. Not that we altogether discount the need or the value of occasional highest-level talks *ad hoc.* It is the roving commission, the habitual mobility of Foreign Secretaries, which we and some democratic critics of Mr. Dulles call in question. We have had such constant experience of how sour and how small are the bunches of grapes they bring back, even when they assure reporters on landing at the airports that conversations have been "harmonious and fruitful." Naturally, a government should encourage tourist traffic and persuade the public how easy and safe it is to-day, but I don't think even the tourist agencies can demand of a Premier or Foreign Secretary that he must take over their publicity departments. But while the fashion in perpetual motion continues to obsess our statesmen, a fruitful field for the economy axe opens among our expensive embassies, and the Chancellor should explore it.

Uses of Advertisement.—"Publicity is the life-blood of industry" is one of those saws which suffer from over-simplification. It is broadly true but contains a variety of exceptions. For example, dirty linen strung on a lime-lit line may be bad publicity for an industrial company, and again, personal advertisement is not always as sweet a use for a company as for a single director or company servant. Be that as it may, the limelight lately thrown over the Dockers and the B.S.A. Co. is a gift to the "anti-capitalists" and has ensured that all the small arms manufactured by B.S.A. have been tested in mortal combat. Without taking sides in an internecine industrial family quarrel, with which mercifully I have no concern and of which I am ignorant, a very unbusinesslike journalist is entitled to raise his eyebrows over the extraordinary expenses accounts claimed by, but not conceded to, Sir Bernard as legitimate and desirable investment in B.S.A. publicity. Lady Docker's frocks and frills and furs and the fleet of cars were undoubtedly cheap for the stupendous publicity they secured, but I suppose a fellow-director or shareholder might ask himself if it was the *right sort* of publicity. And many "capitalists" not concerned with B.S.A. must regret that the big splash spattered their own vestments (and investments) with mud.

Crossroads for Shawcross ?—Some sleuths say that Sir Hartley Shawcross, a Minister in the Socialist Government, has been on the mat before the party Court for frequent failure to take part in, and to vote in, debates during this Parliament. One sleuth told us that Sir Hartley offered to resign his seat for St. Helens and that Mr. Gaitskell persuaded the critic that, in the case of Sir Hartley, an often-absent M.P. was better than an ex-M.P. But Sir Hartley has interests to pursue outside Parliament, and sometimes these interests conflict with Socialist policy. As Chairman of the Bar Council he warmly supported the Tory plan to help self-employed professional men to insure themselves for a retirement annuity. Such a plan is not in the Socialist Charter of Equality, and, indeed, Mr. Gordon Walker expressed the Opposition's dislike of it in the House on the same day that Sir Hartley approved it before the Bar Council. Sir Hartley, I suppose, is a useful man to have about the House, whether the Socialists are in power or in Opposition, and I imagine the Party leaders will be anxious to compose any temporary differences between him and Back Benches. But his country's good may soon perhaps, irrespective of party, raise him to a high position outside politics. Sir Hartley would indeed be a very lukewarm Chairman of the Bar Council if he withheld his blessing from such a plan for fear of consequences to his political career. He has "a brain and cerebellum, too," and would take a dim view of any Party organisation which requires members to think "just as their leaders tell 'em to" on matters outside politics.

REMEMBERING MRS. PANKHURST

THE REDEDICATION OF THE PANKHURST STATUE : Spectators gather round the statue of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst during the rededication service which followed its removal to its new site in Victoria Tower Gardens. Several elderly women, former suffragettes, were present in the pouring rain, including Miss Grace Roe and Miss E. Casey. Under the flag of the Women's Social and Political Union, a message was read from Dame Christabel Pankhurst. The service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. A. C. Don

An Edwardian Youth.—Successful sequels to successful novels are notoriously rare. Second instalments of autobiography stand a better chance of keeping a high level, if the writer knows how to write. Maurice Barings are rare. For most writers the mind's details of nursery days and ways of thought grow patchy, vague and unreliable, and the skilled writer of autobiography who can clear that first fence, can usually be sure of clearing the Becher's Brook of adolescence. After that fence, the course of autobiography grows harder from self-consciousness. Sir Lawrence Jones was not faulted at the first fence, *Victorian Childhood,* and has handsomely cleared the brook in his *Edwardian Youth,* so far as it covers his days at Balliol in the first decade of this century, and his short experiences at the Bar. The Oxford section is a portrait gallery of dons and of "golden lads" of promise sacrificed in the First World War. These dons were famous fellows in their time in Oxford; the band of hope—Sir Lawrence's friends and contemporaries among the undergraduates—have received so much publicity in social memoirs that they became, and remain, though their promise was shorn of performance, names that still "make news" and still evoke irritation outside the charmed circle. If you are up in the vast literature concerning this lo

generation, you should read *Edwardian Youth* and then quarrel with or endorse Sir Lawrence's cool appraisals. It will impress you with the supreme comedy of human life and human relations : Did any of those young men see themselves as Sir Lawrence saw them in 1905 ?

How to Live Long.—It grows more and more of a puzzle to me how our fathers managed to live to man's allotted span and often enough to exceed it by anything up to twenty-five years. They smoked, they drank, they lived well and they called in the family doctor only when the rash was obviously more than a nettlerash or the pain more than indigestion. Nowadays, the medical fraternity at their high-level meetings make our flesh creep. Every man over forty must be examined at least twice a year for lung cancer. To smoke cigarettes is certain lingering death. To drink beer is not much less risky. It is not safe to breathe freely. Joseph Finsbury's regimen is essential if life is to be kept in the body beyond the age of forty. The wise man who loves life and hopes to see better days must drink only milk, wear a medicated pad over his nose and mouth, and ring a bell in Harley Street without fail once a month. Indeed, that must be his only recreation, and even that is risky, if he should step off the kerb. It may indeed be risky if he gets to the right door and is let in. For the pleasure of living is sometimes poisoned by medical warnings and head-shakings. For my part, I have lived out my span without benefit of specialists and am sometimes thankful that the doctors are too busy to call on me at home, and that their surgery queues are too long for my patience. My mother, in her ignorance, constantly fed me with sweets in my childhood and I still retain my own teeth. But the modern child is doomed to a toothless or a false-toothed adolescence if he sucks a lollipop. How did we Victorians manage to survive the reckless risks taken with our health ?

The Play 's the Thing.—Heavens ! The fourth Test Match is begun before I have time to glorify the third ! The demand for nine-day Test Matches is now urgent. The tempo of modern life imposes so great a strain on the human heart and nerves that no extra periodic stress can be justified. The doctors are all on the side of longer Test Matches. For what are five days ? At the best but a gross 1,800 minutes of play—far less with long-run speed bowlers, conferences and changes in the field. In a day's play in England in June or July—months on which we rely for replenishing our wells and reservoirs—the gross 360 minutes of play may well result in 2 ins. of rain falling for a mere 70, 30 or no runs. Harvey's superlative 69 took 4½ hours to compile. And since every ball bowled receives the intense publicity once accorded to the gravest political crises, the strain on the public, when they begin to fear that the vagaries of the weather will rob their side of victory, is a mortal danger to the nation's health. There is quite a fair chance, even in the North of England or the Midlands in June or July, that a decision would be reached in nine days' cricket, if better arrangements could be made for covering the entire field and pumping away the water; and the rare luck of finishing a Test Match in five days is too remote to justify the cricket authorities in postponing an essential reform. These Test Matches help to pay for the county cricket clubs they rob of gate-money and interest. And if the players wilt at the idea of nine-day matches, the commentators will prove tough enough, and the nation, too. For commentators and the public enjoy the splendid health of most lunatics. The nine days' wonder is the nation's minimum demand in its claim to bread and circuses.

Mailed Fist and Velvet Glove.—Most of us find abominable both instances of cruelty to animals and the sight of litter on public commons and in parks. There are rules and regulations which govern these offences and societies and wardens who detect and can prosecute offenders. Some of these watchdogs complain that courts of law do not back them up in their useful public service. The complaint may sometimes be just. There are magistrates who regard litter fiends as merely thoughtless, and litter prosecutions as a waste of the court's time. Such cases are *not* trivial, but they are hard to prove. The R.S.P.C.A. sometimes voice the same grievance when the summonses they bring are dismissed. From my experience, I think more care should be taken before a prosecution is launched. On my own Bench recently much time was spent over two of the most trivial prosecutions for cruelty and both were dismissed. In each case a warning—a grave warning by the inspector—would have served a more useful purpose than an unsuccessful prosecution. Excess of zeal should be checked. When excess of zeal goes the length of Gestapo methods, as in a recent London litter case, the good work done to make the public litter-conscious is cancelled out. I think all justices are anxious to check by severe punishment any clearly proven instances of cruelty and litter-spreading and that is why they deplore the bringing to court of instances difficult of proof. And that goes also for the overworked police and especially in parking-offences in country towns. Time and again the magistrates feel that a courteous or severe warning would have been more efficacious than a prosecution. THE OLD STAGER

TRACTION ENGINES AT "SPEED"

RACING IN LINE ABREAST : Four traction engines struggle for the lead during a race at Lambton Park, Chester-le-Street. County Durham. The winner was the engine on the far right, "Cock o' the North," a three-speed Burrell five-tonner. This machine was built in 1912 and is owned by Mr. J. Wakefield, of Hetton-le-Hole. The occasion was the first rally of the North of England Steam Traction Engine Society and attracted many spectators.

LONDON'S OLD BUSES ON PARADE

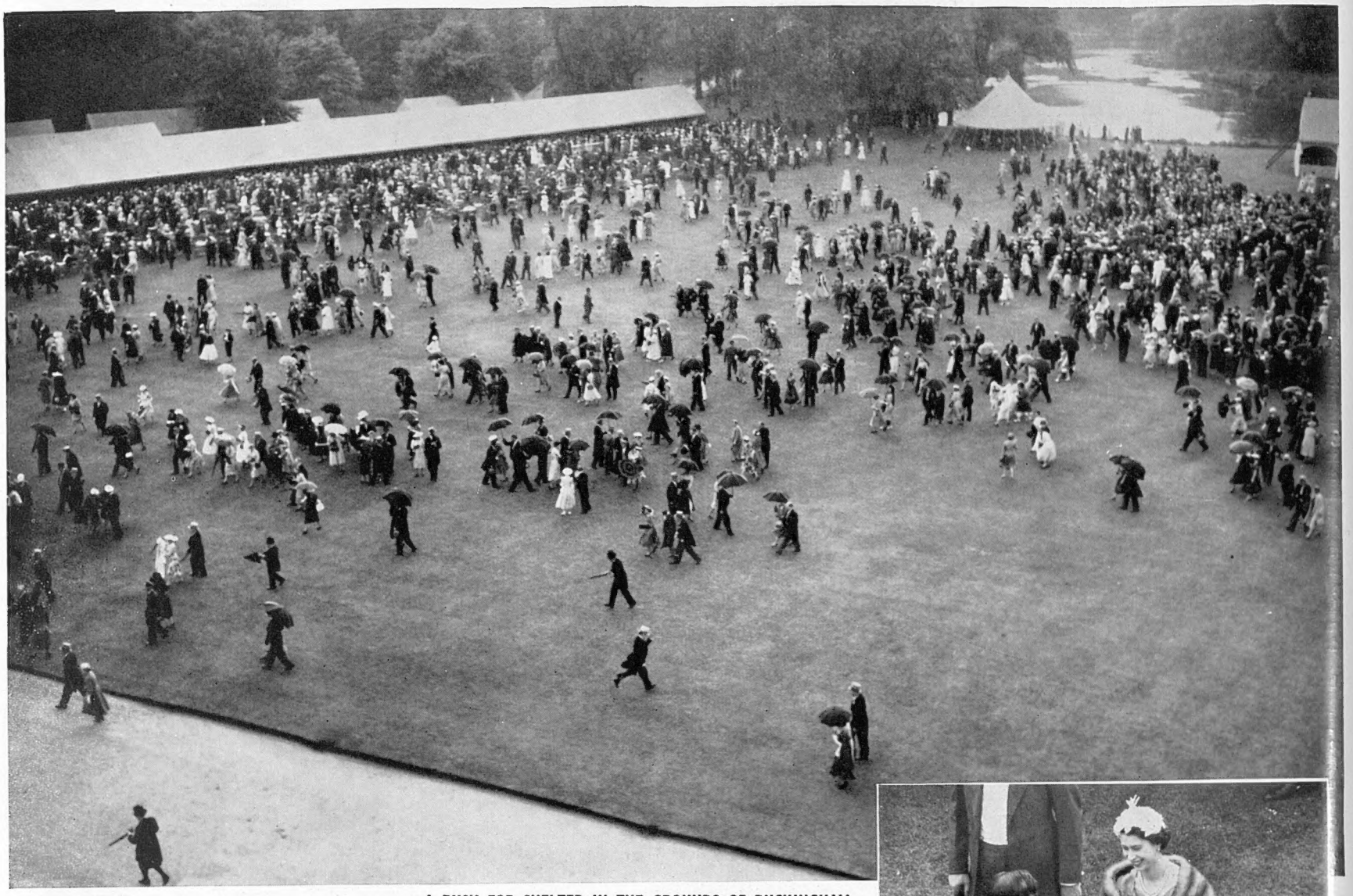
LONDON TRANSPORT CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF PROGRESS : One of the latest Routemasters contrasts with a horse-drawn Knifeboard bus of 100 years ago. A parade of vehicles past and present in Regent's Park marked the beginning of London Bus Week. This celebrated the 100th anniversary of the London General Omnibus Company, which was merged into the present London Passenger Transport Board in 1933. The Routemaster is designed eventually to replace London's trolley-buses. It is built of light aluminium alloy, is slightly larger than the current London bus and seats sixty-four passengers. The Knifeboard was in use until about 1900.

On left—

"OLE BILL" REVIVES MEMORIES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR : An open-topped, solid-tyred "B" type bus of the 1914 period passes the saluting-base in Regent's Park. The driver, Mr. George Gwynn, drove one of these in Flanders. Mr. George Savidge, eighty-four, a retired busman (on right), takes the salute. The "B" type was one of a procession showing how the London bus has developed from 1856 to the present day. It included three horse buses—a Favourite, a Knife-board, and a Garden Seat. In front of the buses came a hansom-cab, a growler, and several veteran cars.

WHEN IT RAINS—

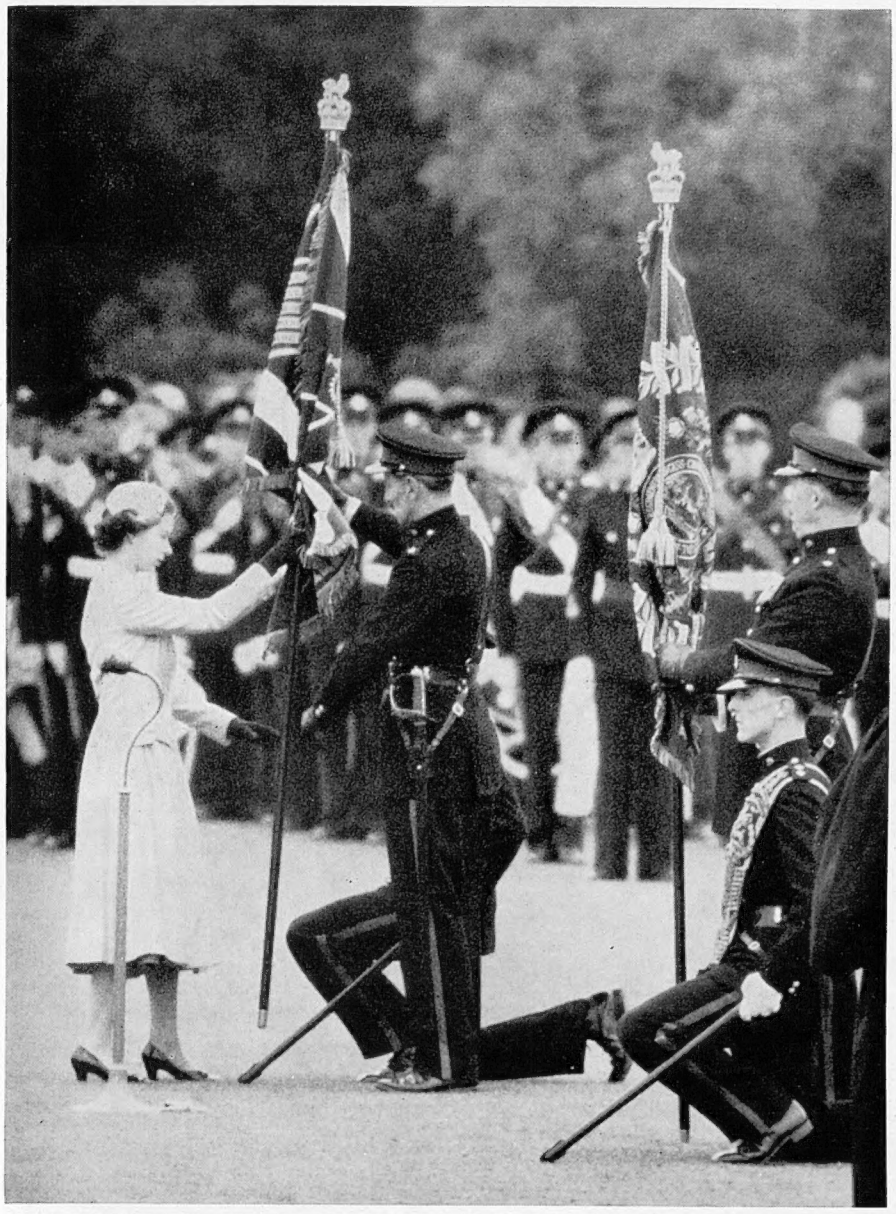
AT THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY



A RUSH FOR SHELTER IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The thousands of guests at the second Royal garden-party of the season scatter in all directions to seek shelter as a thunderstorm with heavy rain breaks over the grounds. Many took shelter in the tea pavilions and others (in the picture *below*) crowded towards the Garden Entrance of the Palace. Some of the guests stayed on the lawns and sheltered under umbrellas. *On right*—The Queen, in a blue dress with a fur stole, stops to speak with one of the guests before the storm. When the rain began to fall, Her Majesty had almost reached the Royal Pavilion and she finished the last few yards under an umbrella. The weather cleared after a time, but heavy rain soon began to fall again.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

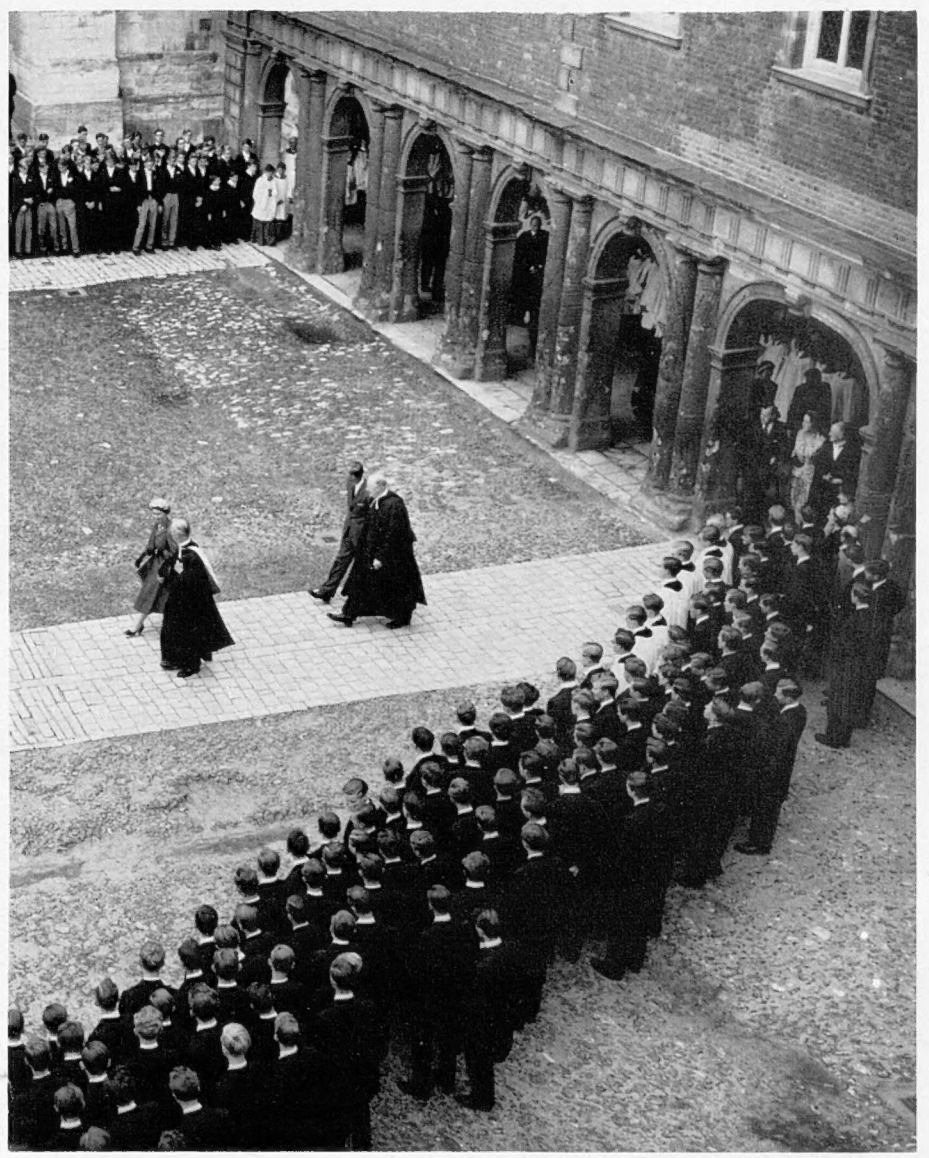
The Queen at Windsor, Ascot and Eton



NEW COLOURS FOR THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT (PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES'S): The Queen is making the presentation during a ceremony held on the lawn in front of the east terrace of Windsor Castle. After the presentation the Queen addressed the parade and the new Colours were then received with a General Salute and marched to the centre of the Battalion. Later, the Battalion marched past the Queen in Column of Guards and, finally, gave a Royal Salute.

A ROYAL WIN AT ASCOT: The Queen, wearing a waterproof cape and carrying an umbrella, walks to the unsaddling enclosure after her horse Doutelle, with W. H. Carr up, had won the Granville Stakes by three lengths. On the left of the picture is the Duke of Norfolk, who was a steward of the meeting.

THE QUEEN AT ETON: She is seen with the Headmaster, Mr. R. Birley (left), and the Provost, Mr. C. A. Elliott, beside the new swimming-pool during her visit to Eton last Sunday. ***On right*—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are watched by the boys as they make a tour of the College.** On their arrival at Eton the Royal visitors were received by the Provost and other distinguished persons, and then went to the chapel for morning service taken by the Conduct, the Rev. B. W. Greenup. After the service the boys assembled in School Yard, where the acting captain of the School and the captains of the Oppidans, the Boats and the Cricket XI were presented to the Queen. Later, the Queen and the Duke toured the Henry Marten Library before making the short journey by car to see the new swimming-pool, which has been built as part of Eton's memorial to Old Boys who were killed in the Second World War. The route to the swimming-pool was lined by the boys, who cheered as the Queen and the Duke drove by.

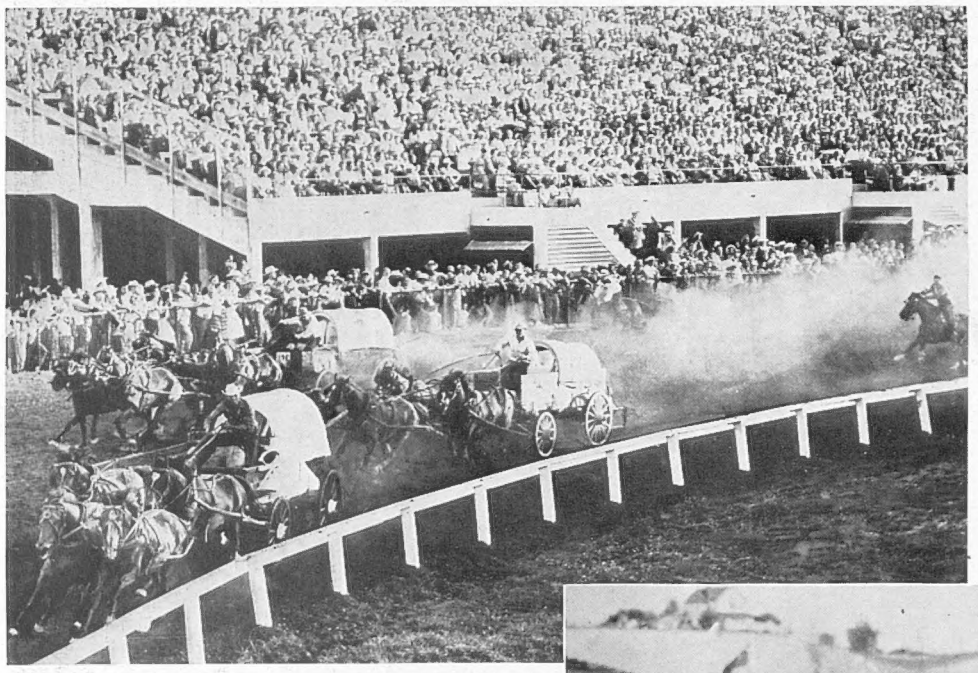


DEAD SHOTS AND COWBOYS

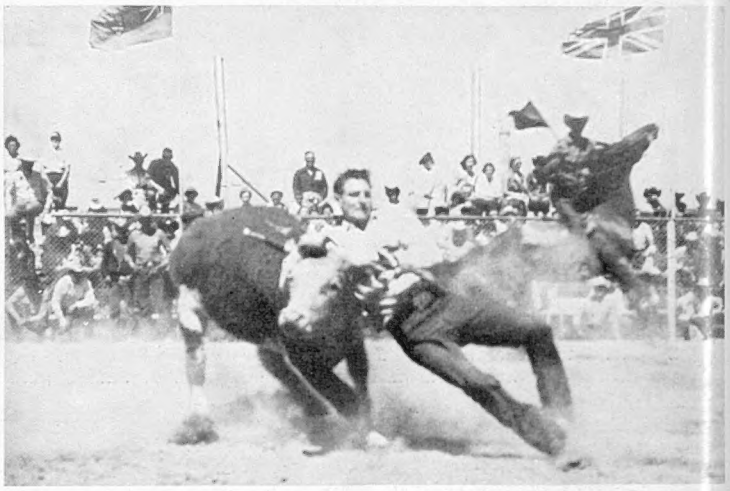
The Queen's Prize at Bisley; and the Calgary Stampede in Canada

SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: Competitors lie at the firing-line during the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association. The winner of the Queen's Prize, Major Twine, late of the Royal Artillery, had to fight off a strong Canadian challenge.

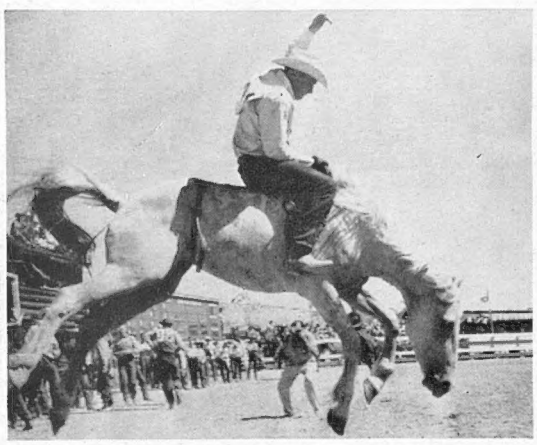
CHAIRING THE WINNER: Major Twine rides in triumph on the shoulders of his fellow-competitors after winning the Queen's Prize at Bisley. He previously won the Prize two years ago. At the beginning of the final stage of the meeting, the 1,000 yards shoot, he shared the lead with Major R. A. Fulton and two Canadians, Lieutenant Warner and Corporal Oulette. A fine spell of shooting at the very end by Major Twine, however, enabled him to win an exciting event by 1 point from Lieutenant Warner. Twelve of his fifteen scoring shots scored a bull. In the Parliamentary competition the House of Commons won the Visianagram Challenge Cup with a total of 680. The House of Lords finished with a total score of 656. Lord Tedder had the best individual score with a total of 96. The Commons were close behind with Commander R. Scott Miller's 93. The international team prize, the Rajah of Kolapore Imperial Challenge Cup, was won by England with 1,130 points.



THE CALGARY STAMPEDE: The competitors in a "chuck wagon" race hurtle around the track during an event in the Calgary Stampede, which is held in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, every year. The remarkable outdoor show, which includes everything from wrestling steers to riding wild horses, always attracts large crowds of visitors to the city. During this year's seventy-first annual Calgary Stampede the colourful scene did not remain in the stadium but extended to the streets of the city. Indians and horsemen roamed the city to the sound of martial music from the many bands. The visiting tribes of Indians who were taking part in the exhibition which was part of the Stampede were often to be seen performing their tribal dances, and no one saw anything incongruous in a square dance a few feet away. The whole city gave itself over to the spirit of the old West.



WRESTLING STEERS: A competitor in the rodeo wrestles with a fractious young steer. The cowboy's approach to the steer is usually made by leaping on to the animal's back from the saddle of a galloping horse.



RIDING HIGH: Bronco busting is naturally one of the main items in the Stampede. Many of the top Canadian riders compete in the events each year.

CHARIOTEERS FROM THE WEST: The "chuck wagon" race always provides a sufficient quantity of spills and thrills to satisfy even the most demanding spectator. The sweating teams of horses and the yelling cowboys never fail to be one of the lasting memories of the Stampede. Most of the competitors are cowboys in everyday life.

A ROMAN FORT IN THE CITY

The Foundations of a Roman Fort have been Unearthed Near Cripplegate Church

The discovery of the remains of a Roman fort near Cripplegate Church has been described by Mr. W. F. Grimes, Director of the London Museum, who is supervising the diggings, as being "more interesting archæologically" than that of the Temple of Mithras near the Mansion House. It had been known for quite some time that there were Mithraic traces in the City and the discovery of the Temple came as no surprise. The discovery of the Roman fort, however, is the first evidence of the garrison in this area. The excavations were begun by Mr. Grimes, on the slender assumption that a kink in the old city wall built in A.D. 200 was due to a fort or strong-point having been incorporated in the wall at this point. His assumption was proved to be correct and the diggings revealed the sandstone and brick foundations of a fort built some time between A.D. 75 and A.D. 100. Part of a gravel road which at one time ran through the buildings has also been laid bare. The fort itself was probably about 200 yards square, but the total area of the site is thought to have comprised 11 acres. In the middle of each wall was an entrance gateway guarded on each side by a 25-ft.-high turret.

THE SITE OF THE DIGGINGS IN FALCON STREET: Part of a Roman fort, which was built before the ancient city wall was completed, has been unearthed in the shadow of Cripplegate Church (in the background). The excavations are under the supervision of the Director of the London Museum.

A ROMAN GUARD OVER THE CITY: The fort comprised in all some 11 acres with a gate flanked by two 25-ft.-high turrets in each wall. One of these turrets is now being excavated.

SANDSTONE FROM KENT: It is thought that the sandstone blocks, which form a large part of the foundations of the fort, were quarried in Maidstone and transported to London.

WATCH OVER LONDINIUM: These are the foundations of the north turret of the West gate that have been laid bare during the last six weeks. The 200-yard kink in the ancient city wall at Cripplegate was the clue that first suggested the presence of a fort at this point. The strong-point was included in the wall.

HOMES IN SWANLEY, KENT, FROM WHICH TENANTS WERE EVACUATED AFTER TORRENTIAL RAINS: A bulldozer noses its way to clear mud from the flooded road, an in the background vans are removing tenants' belongings from the council house area. In the same district firemen were called to rescue a family from the uppe storey of a farm. Altogether some fifty people were temporarily homeless. Many of them were housed in an emergency rest centre established by the Women' Voluntary Service in a church hall at Swanley. As a result of the heavy and prolonged rain in Southern England last week, Kew Observatory reported that 5.07 ins. of rain had so far fallen i the month, making it the wettest July in the 100 years since weather observations began to b kept. Besides Swanley, such places as Folkestone, Tunbridge Wells, and, outside Kent, Poole an Bournemouth suffered from the downpours. On many roads round London and in Souther England traffic was disorganised and there was severe damage to crops in a number of countie

MUD AFTER DELUGE

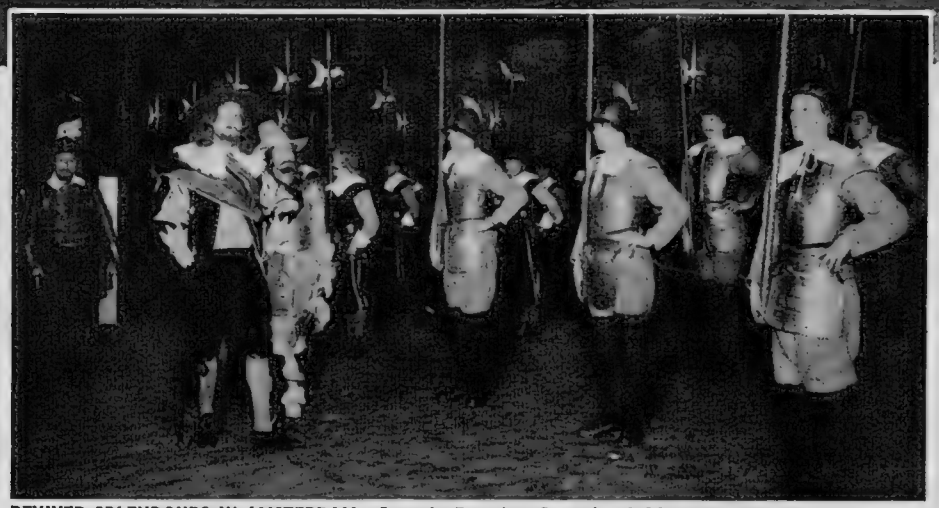
Clearing up After Floods in Kent which Made this Month the Wettest July in 100 Years

A FAVOURITE TARGET FOR THIS SUMMER'S FLOODS: *Left*—Cars pass a roundabout which has been partly washed away by the storms at Farningham, in Kent. *Right*—A workman clears away the mud which had been swept on to the road. This roundabout had already been the victim of previous downpours this summer and had only just been properly rebuilt when the rains descended again last week. Mud to a depth of 2 ft. piled up on the road, which for a time became impassable.

THE " NIGHT WATCH " COMES TO LIFE: The well-known painting by Rembrandt, which was executed in 1642, the year of his wife's death, is posed by Dutch Army personnel outside the State Museum in Amsterdam, where the original painting is exhibited. The city was celebrating the 350th anniversary of the birth of the great painter, who was born in Leyden but settled in Amsterdam in 1630, taking a house in Breedstraat after his marriage in 1634. He died on October 8, 1699, working with undiminished energy and power until the end of his life. The commemoration service in the Westerkerk, where Rembrandt is buried, was attended by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, accompanied by the Burgomaster and the President of the 1956 Commemoration Committee.

REMBRANDT COMMEMORATION

Amsterdam Celebrates the 350th Anniversary of the Birth of the Great Dutch Painter



REVIVED SPLENDOURS IN AMSTERDAM: Captain Banning Cocq (on left) and his lieutenant inspect the " Corporals of the Civil Guard " in front of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam. The " Corporals," who were all Army personnel, were dressed in period costumes for the celebrations.

THE GUARD OF YESTERYEAR: The Burgomaster of Amsterdam, M. Arnold D'Ailly, accompanies the Captain of the " Corporals of the Civil Guard " on his tour of inspection before the pageant and tableaux marking the 350th anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt in Leyden.

QUEEN JULIANA IN THE WESTERKERK: The Queen of the Netherlands attends a service of commemoration in the Westerkerk in Amsterdam. On right is the Burgomaster and on left the President of the Commemoration Committee.

b

INSPECTING THE ELGIN MARBLES : King Feisal of Iraq is accompanied by Mr. R. D. Barnett, Keeper of Western Asiatic Antiquities, during his tour of the British Museum on the second day of the State visit. The King, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Iraq, spent more than an hour at the Museum.

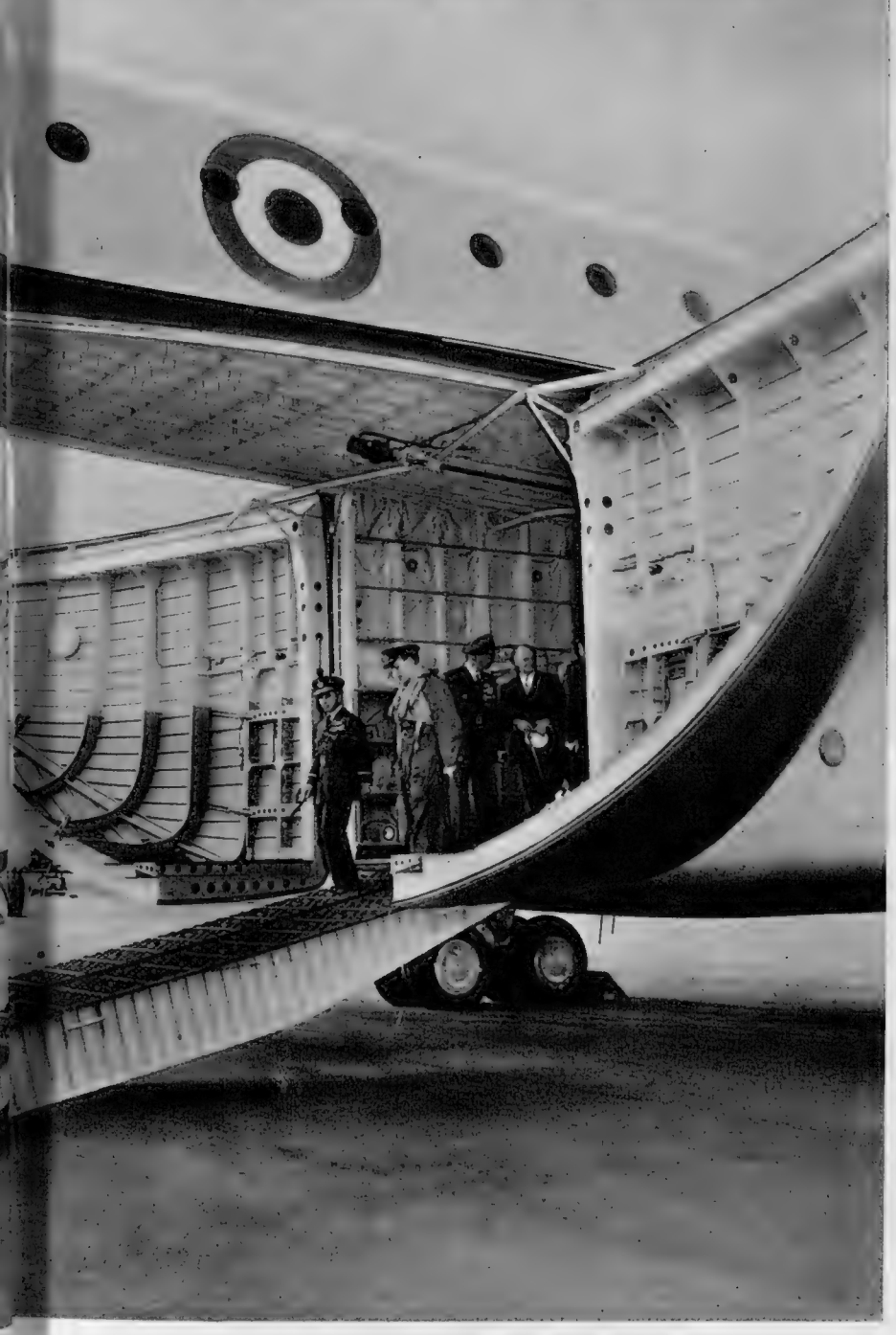
AT GUILDHALL : The Royal visitor, followed by the Lord Mayor of London, inspects guard of honour after his arrival at Guildhall for the traditional welcome by City Corporation. Earlier, large crowds had lined the streets to see the King the Crown Prince during the colourful carriage procession from Buckingham Pal

KING FEISAL'S STATE VISIT

The Royal Visitor from Iraq is Accompanied by the Crown Prince During an Extensive Round of Engagements

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON : Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd hands the silver casket containing the address of welcome to the King during the ceremony at a Court of Common Council in the Guildhall Library. On the right is the Crown Prince, the uncle of the King. In his reply to the address of welcome King Feisal, speaking in English, said that he looked forward "to great and impressive plans in which the young men of your country and of mine will together help to give our peoples much-needed security and prosperity. Our hope and confidence are high."

A SECOND SPEECH BY THE KING AT GUILDHALL : He is addressing the guests at the luncheon which followed the ceremony in the Library. Sitting on the King's right, next to the Lady Mayoress, are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The toast of "His Majesty the King of Iraq" was proposed by the Lord Mayor.



A VISIT TO HIS OLD SCHOOL : King Feisal, wearing the uniform of an Air Vice-Marshal of the R.A.F., is accompanied by the headmaster, Dr. R. L. James, during his visit to Harrow School. He had specially asked for the event to be included in his four-day State visit, and he received a great welcome from the boys.

On left—

WITH THE R.A.F. AT ODIHAM, IN HAMPSHIRE : The King is followed by R.A.F. officers and Mr. Nigel Birch, the Secretary of State for Air, as he leaves the gigantic Beverley transport aircraft during his tour of the station. He also inspected the latest jet aircraft and saw a demonstration of formation aerobatics.

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

Seven Hungarian Students Seize a State Airliner in Mid-Air and Fly it to West Germany

HUNGARIAN ANTI-COMMUNISTS ESCAPE TO THE WEST: The Li-2 airliner of the Hungarian State Airlines which was seized in mid-air by seven escaping students, stands on the runway at the N.A.T.O. airstrip at Manching, near Ingolstadt, in West Germany. The plane was on a routine flight from Budapest to a Hungarian destination when it was taken over.

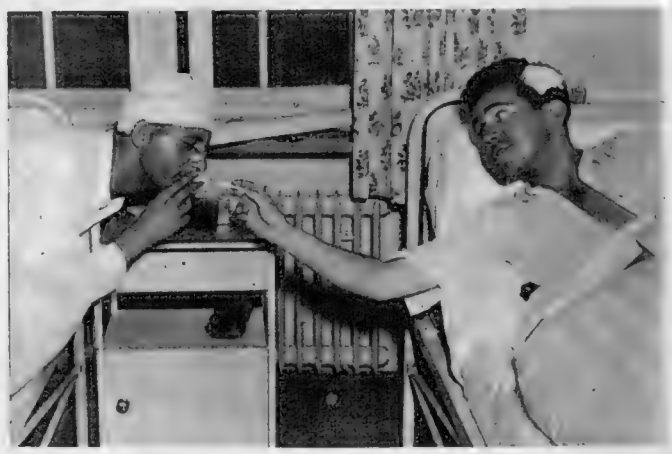
THE OFFICIAL PILOT OF THE PLANE: The Hungarian Airlines pilot who was forced to hand over his aircraft stands beside Manching airstrip. Under his arm he carries the airliner's documents.

On right—

THOSE WHO WANTED TO RETURN TO HUNGARY: A group of students who wished to be returned to Communist Hungary sit on the grass at Manching. Among those who went back was the airliner's official pilot.

THE DAMAGED INTERIOR OF THE AIRLINER: The inside of the Li-2 is littered with various debris after the struggle which took place during the overpowering of the crew and a police agent.

CASUALTIES ON BOTH SIDES: Four of the passengers who have requested asylum in the West stand on the right of the picture in front of the aeroplane. They are watched by two of those who demanded to be returned to Hungary. Minor injuries were extensive on both sides during the fierce struggle.



THE LEADERS OF THE ESCAPE IN HOSPITAL: Georg Polyak (on left), who piloted the kidnapped plane, lights a cigarette from his fellow refugee and the author of the escape plan, Karl Pinter.

The current unrest in Hungary which has been fermenting for some time among the students of Budapest and the other university cities, was highlighted in a very dramatic fashion with the "kidnapping" of a Hungarian State airliner by a group of young men and a girl intent on escape to the West. The plane, an Li-2, which is the Russian version of the Dakota built under licence, had taken off from Ferihegy Airport, Budapest, on a routine flight to Szombathely, near the Austrian border. On board were a crew of four and fourteen passengers.

Ten minutes after the intermediate stop at Gyor the leader of the group of students pulled out an old pistol and attacked the man sitting next to him. This was the signal for the rest of the escaping group to wield concealed clubs and overcome the passengers. It was necessary to subdue everybody, since the students were aware of the presence of a secret police agent on board the plane, but were uncertain of his identity. Once the passengers were under control the leader forced open the door to the pilot's cockpit and the crew's quarters. With the four members of the crew they found the secret policeman, who replied to their demands by pulling out a Browning pistol. He was at once overcome and bundled with the crew into the passengers' compartment. The controls were taken over by the leader of the group, who was a former pilot of Hungarian Airlines.

After flying over the Austrian frontier they circled round Vienna, passed over the Danube and eventually settled down on a course towards Germany. Owing to the complete lack of maps no one knew where they were exactly, but could only trust to the distance travelled to tell them when they were in Western Germany. They decided finally to land at an aerodrome which turned out to be the American-controlled airstrip at Manching, 50 miles north of Munich. The airstrip was still under construction, but the crash-landing was carried out with success.

After the aircraft had landed, further fighting broke out between the rival factions and twelve Hungarians were taken to hospital with injuries. The most seriously injured was Lieutenant Elek Doktor, of the Hungarian Secret Police, who was found to be suffering from a complicated fracture of the skull. Together with the four crew members and six of the passengers he has declared his wish to return to Hungary.

The seven students and two other passengers who decided to seek asylum with them are expected to be sent to the Valka Refugee Reception Camp, near Nuremberg, until asylum is formally granted. When it is, the refugees will be able to leave the camp and look for work in West Germany. The police authorities also announced that United States intelligence officials had been given permission to "co-operate" in the questioning of the Hungarians.

WAKE ISLAND TO-DAY IS A STAGING POINT FOR TRANS-PACIFIC AIRCRAFT: Members of the United States Air Force stand outside an aviation office. From here they can look over relics of the wartime fighting between the Americans and Japanese on the island, now a refuelling point for aircraft.

PACIFIC WAR MEMORIAL

The Many War-time Relics on Wake Island are a Memorial to its Battles

Memories are short. Therefore it is to be wondered how many of the air travellers who touch down for a brief refuelling on Wake Island realise they are at the scene of one of the most heroic chapters of American military history.

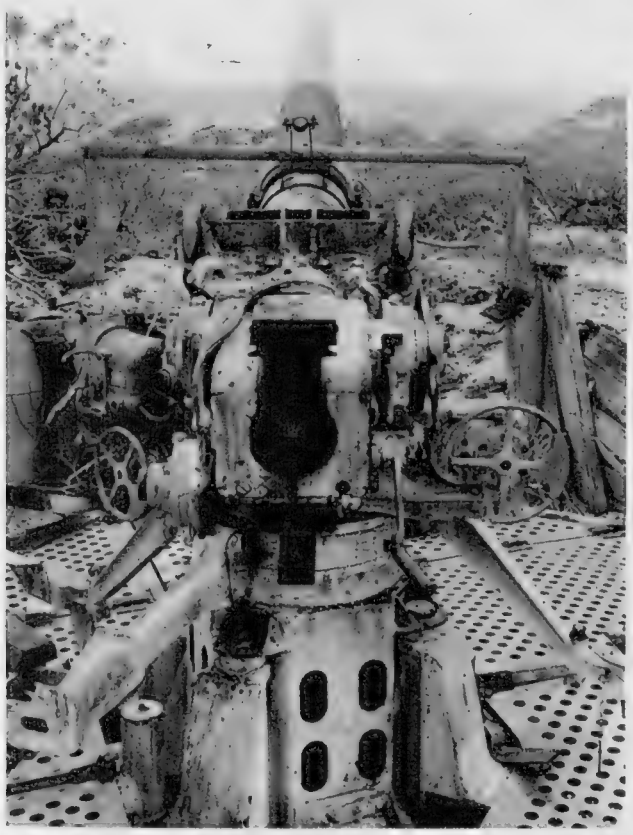
This pin-point on the map, far out in the Pacific Ocean between America and Asia, was of the greatest strategic importance during the war. Indeed, it was twenty-four hours after Pearl Harbour that the Japanese attacked the American garrison there, on December 8, 1941. The defence force was hopelessly inadequate for its task, consisting of no more than 400 Marines and twelve fighter aircraft. But for fourteen days these men offered furious resistance against overwhelming odds. The Japanese lost a light cruiser, a destroyer and several aircraft before they finally succeeded in capturing their objective.

Although the enemy quickly developed the island as a naval and air base for attacks on Allied convoys, the Americans gave them no respite. Immediately, repeated attacks of increasing ferocity were mounted against the Japanese. However, they did not finally surrender until the end of the war, in 1945.

To-day the island is the scene of peaceful activity as aircraft of many kinds fly in and out on their journeys over the Pacific. But those who have time to spare and eyes to see will find many wartime relics still scattered around the island. Military installations moulder by the seashore; farther inland lie rusting guns, equipment and stores; out at sea can be seen the remains of battered Japanese ships. Here is no formal war memorial, but the relics strewn in this desolation are more telling than stone monuments and a most compelling argument for peace.

REMINDERS OF FOUR YEARS OF BLOODY FIGHTING: *Above*—The shores of Wake Island are still strewn with rusty war materials and installations. *Below*—The picture was taken from inside a Japanese pillbox which is still standing. The battles for the island lasted from December of 1941 to August of 1945.

A SMALL PART OF THE HEAVY TOLL PAID BY THE ENEMY: *Left*—A derelict Japanese tank lies overturned by the shore. *Right*—The hull of the Japanese freighter *Suwa Maru* lies half-submerged off the beach. The enemy succeeded in capturing the island in December 1941 only at very heavy cost to themselves.



A MEMORIAL TO UNITED STATES MARINES' HEROISM: The gun still points to the sea as it did fifteen years ago, when U.S. Marines manned it against very great odds for a fortnight.

ON SOIL WHICH IS IMMORTAL IN AMERICAN MILITARY ANNALS: A party of United States Servicemen of to-day stands by a gun-post at which an earlier generation of their comrades made so heroic a defence. After the Japanese took Wake Island, the Americans repeatedly counter-attacked them.

NEW PLANES ON SHOW: The Boeing 707 prototype is America's first large four-jet transport. It is seen touching down at Boeing Field, Seattle, after a flight from Los Angeles, having covered the distance in an hour and 57 mins. at an average speed of 507 m.p.h. Once at its cruising altitude of 35,000 ft., the Boeing averaged 610 m.p.h. Apart from American personnel, the aircraft carried representatives of the British Overseas Airways Corporation and of the Australian Department of Civil Aviation.

On left—

M.P.s AT THE HANDLEY PAGE AERODROME: Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth (left) chats with Sir Frederick Handley Page during the visit of the House of Commons Scientific Committee to the aerodrome at Radlett, Herts. The wing of a "suction wing" research aircraft is in the foreground. A series of strips of small holes are let into the wings to minimize air resistance. The smoothness of airflow over the wing is measured by the graduated indicator. Other aircraft on view included the Victor jet bomber and the Handley Page Herald.

Below—

THE VISITORS INSPECT THE AIRCRAFT: M.P.s gather round the prototype Handley Page Herald during their tour. The Herald is designed for local services which must operate from small and primitive airfields.

AIR NEWS

A New Boeing Jet Airliner; M.P.s Visit the Handley Page Aerodrome; a Flying Laboratory for Studying Icing Problems

THE BOEING 707 IN FLIGHT: The snow-covered mountains below are on the Pacific seaboard of the United States. Work on the prototype 707 began in 1952, as a purely private venture, costing nearly £5,500,000. This was intended to serve as a model for a tanker aircraft for the United States Air Force and subsequently for an airliner. The prototype of the tanker first flew two years ago. Orders for at least eighty-eight of the civil version, seen above, have been received from a number of international airlines.

In the Boeing 707, the Americans now have a four-jet airliner which in range and carrying capacity is second to none in its class throughout the world. Its potentialities may be judged from the fact that at least eighty-eight have been ordered. Thirty-one of these are to go to Pan-American Airways and Trans-World Airlines, and eighteen to Air France, Sabena and Lufthansa. All will compete directly with British Overseas Airways Corporation lines, when delivered between the end of 1958 and the summer of 1960. So far, only the prototype of the airliner has flown. All were ordered before any of the passenger aircraft were in service, on the strength of the performance of the military tanker version which has been in production for the United States Air Force since its first flight in July 1954. Construction of this original prototype was begun in 1952 and cost Boeing nearly £5,500,000. It was a private venture, in spite of the fact that the first 707's to fly were for the United States Air Force. The four jet engines can be American Pratt and Whitney, or British Rolls-Royce or Bristol. The largest version will be able to carry up to 147 passengers at a cruising speed of over 600 m.p.h. The Boeing will be able to cross the Atlantic to most of the capitals of Western Europe in one hop.

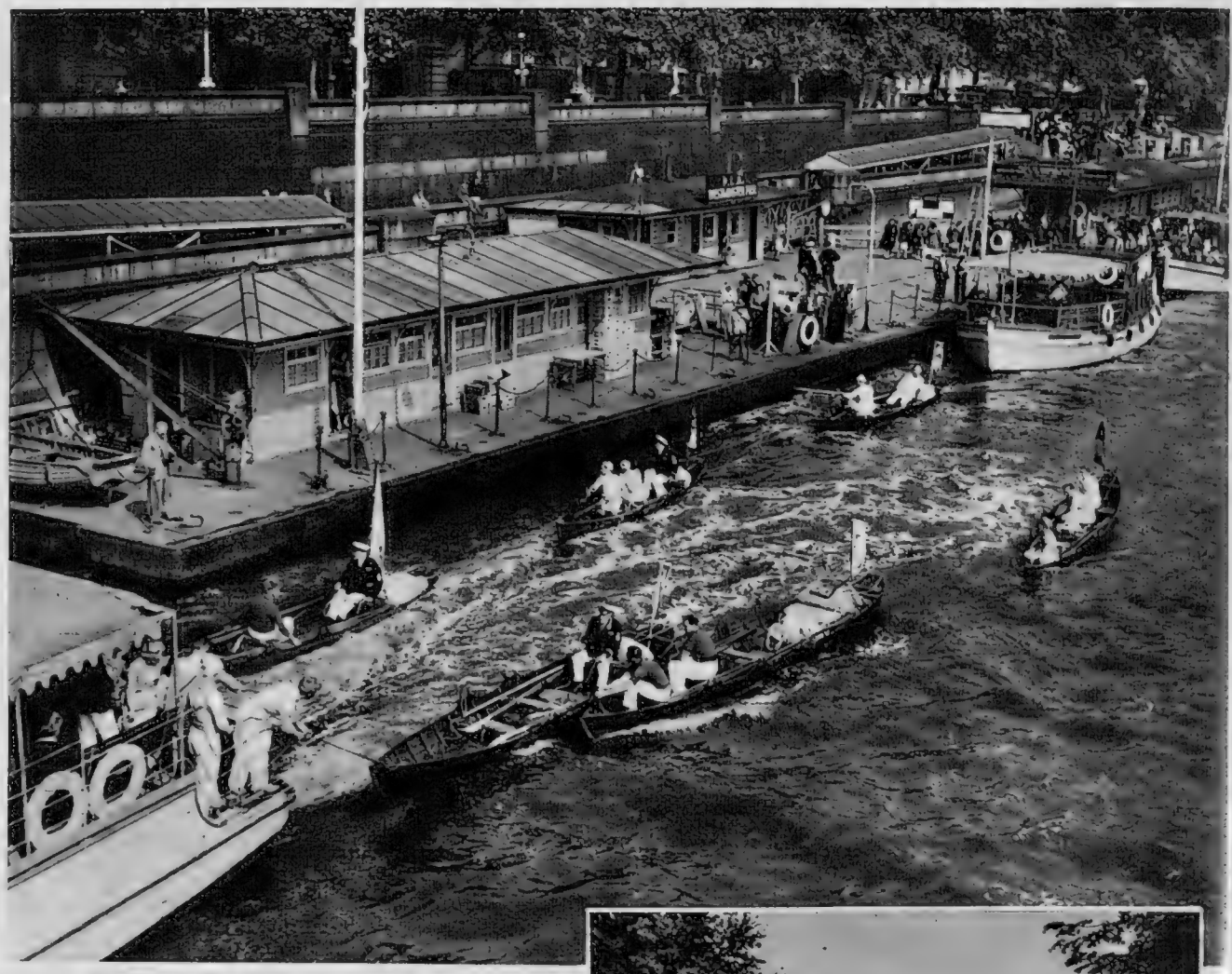
AN UNUSUAL LINCOLN AIRCRAFT: This odd-looking plane, seen at the Napier Flight Development Establishment at Luton, Beds, is intended to help research into icing problems in aircraft. Mounted vertically on top of the fuselage is part of the wing of a Blackburn Beverley freighter. In front of this is a framework carrying rows of nozzles. During flight, these spray water on to the wing section, where it becomes ice. The wing section is fitted with de-icing equipment. From inside the fuselage observers watch the apparatus in operation through mirrors. Samples of the ice are taken and preserved in an ice-box for study. The crew is protected by special heating panels.

SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES

The Annual Round-up and Marking of the Swans on the River Thames

Two of the City Companies which enjoy a rare privilege are the Vintners and the Dyers. For 500 years they have had the right to share with the Sovereign the ownership of all the swans and cygnets on the reaches of the River Thames. The honour was first granted to them by Edward IV, who allowed them an equal share of each year's cygnets after the Crown had made its own claims. To-day two-thirds of the 600 to 700 swans between Putney and Henley belong to the Queen and the remaining third are divided between the two Companies.

Each year in July the Queen's Swan Master, accompanied by the Swan Masters of the Companies, makes his way to the upper reaches to carry out the annual "swan-upping," when the young cygnets are caught and claimed. The traditional marks of identification are still used, as they were hundreds of years ago. Those swans claimed by the Dyers' Company are marked with a nick under the right side of the bill and those by the Vintners with two nicks on the left side. The swans claimed by the Queen are left unmarked. According to a traditional story, all the swans on the Thames are the descendants of some tame ones introduced from Cyprus in the reign of Richard I.



A TOW FOR THE SWAN-UPPERS: The boats belonging to the Queen's Swan Master and to the two Swan Masters of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies are fastened in two lines astern of a pleasure craft at Westminster Pier.

LEAVING MOSELEY LOCK: The beflagged skiffs leave Moseley Lock on their journey up-river. In the bows of the skiff in the foreground is the flag of the Queen's Swan Master, with the Queen's flag in the stern. The duties of swan-upping have hardly changed in the past 400 or 500 years.

THE START OF THE ANNUAL EXPEDITION: This picture of the boats shows them setting off up-river near Blackfriars. Each year the Queen's Swan Master and the Masters of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies are rowed to the upper reaches for the traditional swan-upping.

On left—

SEARCHING FOR THE CYGNETS: Members of the swan-upping expedition search through the reeds alongside the Thames for the young swans. Those which are claimed by the Vintners' Company are marked with two nicks on the left side of the bill and those by the Dyers with one mark on the other side. Those claimed by the Crown are left unmarked.

KITES' CASTLE

The Bird of Prey at Home in Spain

By GUY MOUNTFORT

Photographs by ERIC HOSKING

The author of this article was the leader of a party of ornithologists which had a remarkable success in observing birds in Spain, three months ago. The other members were: Viscount Alanbrooke; Don Mauricio Gonzalez Diez; Mr. James Fisher; Mr. I. J. Ferguson-Lees; Mr. Eric Hosking; Mr. G. J. Jamieson; Mr. John Parrinder; Mr. Roger Peterson, and Mr. George Shannon.

THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND IS NOW BANISHED: A pair of kites are perched with their nestlings in the Coto Doñana in Southern Spain. As with most birds of prey, the adult female (behind) is slightly larger than the male. The kite was protected in sixteenth-century Britain because it was a scavenger of refuse. To-day it is one of our rarest species. An ornithological expedition led by the author of this article recently obtained the pictures on these pages.

ONE of the objectives of a recent ornithological expedition to the fabulous Coto Doñana, in Southern Spain, was to study the breeding biology of the kite. This beautiful bird, which, as a scavenger of refuse, made a major contribution to the public health of Elizabethan Britain, is now one of our rarest species.

In Shakespeare's time kites were strictly protected and were so sure of themselves that they would take food from the hands of children in London's crowded streets. The poet described the capital as "a city of crows and kites." Their place has now been taken by pigeons and starlings.

The advent in Britain of enclosed sewers and the shot gun pointed the way to the kite's extermination. Gamekeepers, farmers and collectors harried the declining population mercilessly. Before the close of the eighteenth century the last kite had nested in London. By 1870 the last pair had bred in the whole of England, though there were unsuccessful attempts later.

To-day perhaps half a dozen pairs of kites still survive in a closely guarded sanctuary in the Welsh hills. Although these precious survivors manage to maintain themselves, it cannot be said that they thrive. The occurrence of myxomatosis has introduced a new threat to survival and the risk that in their search for rabbits in neighbouring regions the kites will fall victims to the inevitable "man with a gun." In spite of a generous tenant bounty system, the active goodwill of the Welsh farmers, heavy legal penalties, and constant vigilance by wardens, egg-collectors still contrive to account for nearly half the known causes of breeding failure.

Fortunately, kites are still plentiful in Southern Spain. Nowhere can they be seen to better advantage than in the unspoilt wilderness of the Coto Doñana. The Coto's amazingly rich abundance of bird and animal life has been maintained by the enlightened management of the property by its owners, who have steadfastly resisted all attempts to "develop" the region by the introduction of roads and buildings. To-day the Coto represents the most important privately-owned nature reserve in Europe and the last European breeding refuge of several bird species.

Fortunately for its wild life, both physical access and permission to visit the Coto Doñana are difficult to obtain. However, the British scientific expedition was fortunate in being provided by the Spanish owners with every facility; horses, pack mules, guides, stores and, above all, the use of the only substantial building on the Coto for its headquarters. This picturesque sixteenth-century hunting-box, known as the *palacio*, has been used by many generations of Spanish royalty.

The great assembly hall is adorned with the heads of a hundred noble stags. In the long, white corridors hang countless fading photographs of hunting parties proudly surrounding the carcases of deer, lynx and wild boar. In the place of honour hangs the original map of the Coto, drawn more than fifty years ago by the great wildfowler-naturalists Abel Chapman and Frank Buck, who rented the shooting at that time.

In the complete absence of communicating roads, one reaches the Coto by crossing the wide Rio Guadalquivir and landing on the edge of a sandy pine grove. Here the pack-mules are loaded and a five-hour cross-country ride begins. The stone pines give way to tall eucalyptus, with aromatic undergrowth full of small birds. Presently the trees are replaced by a scorching desert, where the animals plod heavily through soft white sand. This surprising feature is the result of a coastal invasion of wind-driven sand, which in the course of ages has created a Sahara-like desolation above the original alluvial plain.

With relief one reaches open cistus scrub again. Here there are occasional small lakes, a few recent plantations of pine and a sprinkling of cork and ilex oaks. To the south-east lies the immensity of the *marismas*, a shallow marsh stretching from horizon to horizon and literally teeming with bird life. Deer and wild boar skulk in the thickets. Vultures, eagles, falcons, storks and herons of five species criss-cross the sky in endless procession. A long white line in the heat haze over the water reveals itself as a flock of about 700 flamingoes.

Among the trees golden orioles, hoopoes, rollers, azure-winged magpies, bee-eaters and great spotted cuckoos flaunt their magnificent colours. Not even in France's Camargue sanctuary can so many rare and beautiful birds be seen together. Before the expedition left the Coto its members had identified 173 different species and no fewer than 115 in a single day!

Several kite's nests were quickly found in cork oak trees, at heights ranging from 30 to 45 ft. On May 7, after careful planning, a nest containing two downy chicks was selected for photography. The nestlings were sturdy and thriving, but small enough to require fairly frequent feeding by the parents. True to tradition, the kite's bulky nest was copiously adorned with an evil-smelling litter of old rags, paper, sods of earth and the putrid remains of various animals and birds.

The task of erecting a pylon for the hide was no mean one. It had to be nearly 40 ft. high to permit an unobstructed view into the nest. In order not to disturb the parent birds it was decided to limit the work to half an hour early each morning, with a view to completion in about five days. Eucalyptus poles were assembled and a platform to support the hide was constructed out of old sherry cases. Rope, nails and a ladder, with the other materials, were cached near the tree.

The following day work began in earnest. Climbing irons had been brought by the expedition, but they proved almost useless because the hide had to be erected among the small outer branches, which would not support the weight of a man.

Fortunately salvation appeared in the person of an astonishing young peasant named Pépé, whose bare-footed agility and complete disregard for the laws of gravity quickly earned him the nickname "El Mono" (the monkey). While the heavyweight *ingleses* held the poles upright, Pépé swarmed up them and leaped lightly out among the swaying branches, cutting here and deftly tying there, until the first "storey" was firmly anchored.

(Continued on following page)

THE FOOD ARRIVES: The male kite (on the left) has brought food to the nest. It has been seized by the female, who is tearing it up for the nestlings. The picture shows the distinctive white patch beneath the bird's wing, which is conspicuous in flight. But its generally rufous coloration gives it the familiar name of the "red kite."

THE MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE: Here the female is grabbing all liz the whole time observation was kept on the pa kites the mother never once allowed the father to the yo

KITES' CASTLE

THE HIDE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER: It is being constructed by the tree in which the kite's nest is top right. The scaffolding was made of eucalyptus poles and the platform of old sherry cases.

A BIRD OF GREAT ELEGANCE: The fine proportions and handsome markings of the kite are clearly seen here. The great length of the wings and the forked tail are noticeable features.

On right—

AEROBATICS: A kite (right) enjoys a gam with a black kite, which has a squar ended tail, as they fly together in the sk

TASTY MORSELS: The mother tears at a of ca a meal while her children wait eagerly. already emerging through the dow the

(*Continued from previous page*)

The erection of the second section was much more difficult, as it depended on lashing the roughly mortised ends of the poles, one on top of the other. The tops of the lower poles averaged only 2½ ins. across and the bases of the second storey poles about 4½ ins. Perhaps it was lucky that none of the enthusiastic builders possessed the technical knowledge to calculate the stresses involved as the flexible cross members were lashed into place with ropes of dubious vintage.

On the fourth day the platform was safely hauled into position and the green canvas hide was lashed to it. From the lens opening the nest could be examined at a distance of only 11 ft. This was to be the final test of the birds. Would they accept this sudden bulky addition to the surroundings of the nest? As the party rode away that morning there were many anxious backward glances at the two finely-angled silhouettes of the parent birds, wheeling high above the nest tree.

But next day the female was seen to leave the nest as the riders approached and a quick inspection showed that the nestlings were happily digesting a recent meal. All was well. Quickly Eric Hosking, our photographer, swarmed up the pylon and pulled his precious cameras after him, on a nylon rope. The hide was securely pinned behind him and he was left to his lonely vigil. The temperature rose to 85 degs. In the cramped cubicle of the hide every movement had to be carefully planned and executed in slow motion for fear of disturbing the birds.

Nine hours later, when Eric Hosking was released, he had a jubilant tale to tell. Photographic conditions had been perfect. The female had soon returned to the nest with the remains of a snake, from which she fed the nestlings. Two hours later she brought them an unidentifiable piece of carrion. An hour afterwards she came with fresh meat. The male did not put in an appearance until late in the afternoon when, with a rush of wings, he suddenly arrived with part of a rabbit. T female instantly snatched it from him and tore it up the young.

In intervals between meals the young birds exercis themselves, played with old scraps of rubbish, or sle During the hottest part of the day the female had sto with spread wings to shelter them from the direct ra

Seen at close quarters the kite is a handsome a richly-coloured bird. Its small, delicately proportion head is finely streaked with black. The eye is large, wi an amber-yellow iris. The male of the pair being stu had a greyish crown, the female's being yellowish. T body is brown, the feathers of the upper-parts are bold edged with buff. The long, angular wings have bla primaries with a large whitish patch beneath, which conspicuous in overhead flight. The deeply-forke swallow-like tail is rich chestnut. The generally ruf coloration gives rise to the familiar name "Red Kite," distinguish the species from its dingy cousin the black k

all lizard which the male has produced for the nest. During kites in the Coto Doñana of Spain, it was noticeable that the young, although he brought home some of the food.

AN INFANT WITH AN INSATIABLE APPETITE: The mother deals with the rabbit's carcase which the father has brought her while one of the nestlings waits anxiously for its share. However, the other youngster seems to have had enough for the moment and has turned away to digest an earlier course of the meal of all kinds of carrion.

of carrion she has carried to the nest as ntly. The adult pattern of the plumage is the bodies of the three-weeks-old young.

A TIME TO STRETCH THE WINGS: One of the young kites vigorously exercises its growing wings while the mother is preparing a meal of carrion. The nestlings have a silky white down which at birth is so copious on the head that it gives the impression of a perkily crested appearance. Normally the baby birds remain in the nest for seven and a half weeks before they begin to fly.

The kite lays two or three or, occasionally, four eggs of a dull whitish colour, speckled irregularly with purplish-brown. These are incubated by the female for 28 to 30 days. The nestlings have a silky white down, which is initially so copious on the head as to give a perkily crested appearance.

The kite is best known for its distinctively buoyant flight and complete mastery of the art of soaring and gliding. To see a kite rise from the ground is to gain an impression of weak and laboured flight. However, once it has climbed to a sufficient height, it spreads its "sails" and begins to soar in wide circles. Watching through binoculars one sees the flexible primary wing feathers opened like sensitive fingers seeking to gain maximum advantage from the eddying thermal currents. The graceful tail swings loosely from side to side, now closed, now open to its fullest extent, twisting at times unbelievably at right-angles to the horizontal plane.

Like the vulture, the kite prefers to sit on a favourite perch in the early mornings, waiting for the sun to heat the ground and bring forth the rising thermals on which to soar with such perfection. As the kite's food is largely carrion it has little need for speed in level flight. Nevertheless, it succeeds in catching a wide variety of the less agile or sickly animals and birds, as well as snakes, lizards, fish and frogs. Earth-worms are much sought after.

Undeniably the kite is an occasional chicken-stealer when it gets the chance to raid the poultry yard. With such large numbers of deer and semi-wild horses and cows living on the Coto there is no shortage of carrion.

At a later photographic session in his tree-top hide, Eric Hosking had scarcely focused his camera on the nest when a brisk wind sprang up and the hide, on its fragile scaffolding, began to sway and creak alarmingly. Peering through the plentiful holes in the platform, he watched the retaining ropes straining and sagging as the joints of the poles rocked to and fro. One sudden gust and the whole edifice would certainly have collapsed. But at that moment both parents arrived at the nest and the temptation to continue with his unique documentation dispelled all thought of danger.

Several pairs of black kites were nesting nearby. The two species appeared content to share common hunting-grounds, though they guarded their nest trees actively against trespass. On one occasion Eric Hosking heard the long whinneying cry of a kite above the hide and observed through a peep-hole a group of four black kites and two kites playing tag far up in the deep blue sky.

When they descended near the tree the black kites were driven away. The pair of kites then soared again and indulged in a magnificent display of aerobatics on their own. As a final *pièce de résistance* they flew face to face, seized each other's talons and, to the accompaniment of a series of mewing cries, deliberately fell several hundred feet before separating

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATIONS

An Examination of the Causes of Misquoting Famous Tags and Passages

By JOHN GORE

FOR an aspiring journalist anxious to be assured that he possesses a reading public, there is no more certain means of acquiring a fan-mail (of a sort) than by misquoting famous tags, whether deliberately or otherwise. It should be made a habit by any journalist who wishes to test his circulation. For there is nothing so certain to incite a reader "to write to the editor about it" as his discovery of a misquotation. The "average reader" is usually a man (or woman) who prides himself on his erudition and believes he has a talent for writing which his own laborious days or the bad judgment of publishers or editors never suffer to see print.

When, therefore, an opportunity of this kind offers itself to him, both to express himself and to correct the more fortunate members of the fraternity of the pen, he leaps at the chance and is sometimes harsher on his victim than good manners warrant. Such openings as: "I should have thought that any educated man would know . . ." or "I hope it was a printer's error but . . ." are common gambits, garnished with exclamation marks. And only the tiro of Fleet Street allows himself to be wounded. The old hand winks and files the letter with his fan-mail and, if he is wise, chooses to reply with humility: "Pure ignorance, madam (or sir), and accept my gratitude for your erudite correction." But it is very seldom that the printer's reader, most erudite of men and the best friend of less educated authors, suffers such ignorance to pass.

Sometimes I add a paragraph to my brief postcard of acknowledgement. I ask my critic to undergo a simple test: "Quote from memory," I say, "a remembered stanza or two from Gray's Elegy. After each quotation, turn up the original. If (honour bright) you find you have quoted a single stanza without a single literal slip, write to me again."

> The lowing herd wind(s) slowly o'er the lea ?
> Save where the beetle wheels his (its) droning flight ?
> They kept the noiseless (even) tenor of their way ?
> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r (power) ?
> The path(s) of glory lead(s) but to the grave ?

Have a go. It will correct your pride of memory.

Causes of Misquotation.—There are several fairly obvious reasons for our addiction to "improving on" acknowledged masterpieces of prose and verse; from proverbs and saws, to the Bible and political speeches.

One at least is an example of a very early addiction to misquotation. Children, almost before they can read print, often mis-hear and, therefore, misquote sentences which are read out in church or Sunday school or spoken by their elders.

For years I wondered why the Almighty in my Victorian childhood had such a down on housemaids, in those days a worthy and efficient body of women. (I could understand it better now.) Day after day, at family prayers, my father addressed "Almighty God who hatest nothing but the housemaid," and I often wondered why our own Mary did not rise in protest from her prone position and rustle out of the dining-room. And then I would ask God to pity my simple city, though even in 1890 London was large and sophisticated. And I would supplicate "David, of mercy hear our prayers." Occasionally, no doubt, some "little Tommy" with a Browning-fan for a father, has felt "the frog in my throat." But the glosses of childhood are all expunged as one grows older and becomes familiarised with print.

The bulk of the common misquotations is the result of differences of opinion between the average reader and the classic author on matters of grammar, syntax and choice of words. "There is nothing new under the sun." That is what the translator of *Ecclesiastes* should have written down. But he didn't. "A little *knowledge* is a dangerous thing"—that is what Pope should have written. But he didn't. When in the middle of the sixteenth century John Heywood first collected and published his "effectuall proverbes in the English tongue," he clearly took endless trouble to reproduce the exact words in which they were dressed in the common speech of his day and, where he took them from manuscripts or printed books, to quote with meticulous accuracy. The quotations in his edition of 1545 were taken from the earliest printed books of all countries from the fifteenth century onwards to the pre-Shakespeare dramatists, from manuscripts and from common speech.

It was reprinted twice in the sixteenth century and a new edition was put out in 1874 from which Bartlett selected for his *Familiar Quotations*. Since the last sixteenth-century edition, Shakespeare, a famous "improver" of other men's words, had been at work, and it is interesting to compare the original versions of many "familiar quotations" of 1546 with those current in the early seventeenth century and to-day.

"Russian Scandal."—The game of "Russian Scandal" has been continuously at work on them. We don't like tongue-twisters; we all have our own ideas on grammar and syntax. We "may not be literary," but we "know what we like" and are quite ready to improve on the style of our authors and journalists and orators.

> You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot.
> PUBLIUS SYRUS.
> Strike whilst the iron is hot. RABELAIS.
> There can no great smoke arise but there must be some fire.
> LYLY.
> There is no fire without some smoke. HEYWOOD.
> No smoke without fire. MODERN.

The commonest tendency seems to be always to extract the essence, to shorten and simplify—the worthiest aim of all writing and speech. The florin remains good currency long after the milled edges and the shine are rubbed off it.

But the tendency to improve on the literary style of the originator is a very powerful influence in misquotation.

A very common misquotation of Milton's "fresh woods and pastures new" is "fresh fields and pastures new." Here the misquoter is clearly more in love with alliteration than concerned with redundancy of imagery.

Naturally, works most familiar from being heard or read enjoy the lion's share of misquotation, and the Bible and Shakespeare are the chief victims.

Among the "minor prophets" the Iron Duke's recorded sayings have a wonderful record for misquotation. They differ, of course, from quotations from Holy Writ or Shakespeare, in so far as the latter can be verified at the source while Wellington's famous sayings cannot. They are hearsay. They are usually no more than versions of words let fall by Wellington recorded later by those who heard them.

"Up guards and at 'em," or "Stand up, guards"—you take your pick of those and other versions, without any guarantee that any version is exact. Or Creevey's "It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life." It is constantly misquoted, and any version may be right, for although Creevey, in putting together this famous account of the interview on the morrow of Waterloo seven years after the event, used old letters which he had written to England on the very day of the interview, he may well have himself misquoted the exact words let fall by Wellington an hour earlier. An hour is a long time to remember the exact words which clothed a statement of fact or opinion—the Duke himself sorrowfully admitted that in his lifetime he had been "much exposed to authors" (no doubt I misquote), and certainly he was a notorious victim of "improvers."

Indeed, among all his treasured phrases, the only one I can find that has never been misquoted, and has become common form in all its purity in the jargon of official and business life, is one contained in a letter and one which few people know he originated: "Circumstances over which I have no control."

The phrase, I suppose, is perfect of its kind and fits every variety of occasion when people wish to excuse a dereliction of duty. "Dying words" are another rich field for misquotation. Bellamy's meat (or veal) pies ? Poor Nelly ? An unconscionable time a-dying ? Roll up that map ? How I leave my country ? All are hearsay. You must choose your version.

"Deliberate Misquotation."—In an essay on misquotations, it is only fair that some attention should be given to what may be called "deliberate misquotations" and among these, we are justified in including the clumsy and clownish efforts of the first commentators on Shakespeare who justified themselves by assuring us that "Shakespeare couldn't possibly have written or intended the sense of this or that passage." There are any number of these "misquotations" to choose from, and Warburton's contributions probably take pride of place. I award the palm to his "improvement" on

> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

Warburton argued that even a decorator—let alone a cuckoo-bud—could not paint a meadow with delight.

It might with patience be partially achieved with whitewash or enamel, but to what good ? No, clearly, what Shakespeare meant and wrote was

> Do paint the meadows much bedight.

a line which my father would dismiss as one likely to be rejected by the editor of a poetry column in the *Pumpkin Parva Advertiser*.

Another of his gems of improvement was even more elaborate:

> Why then comes in the sweet of the year;
> For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The last line he found to be lacking in sense and good taste. Clearly what Shakespeare wrote was

> Fore the red blood reins—in the winter pale.

His brilliant "improvement" here required a footnote to itself:—"What Shakespeare *meant* when he wrote this obscure but authentic line was: 'Before pale winter reins—in the youthful blood.'" The odd thing about Warburton is that, so far from ending his life in a lunatic asylum, he is accorded twenty columns in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Certainly he deserves a mention in despatches in this article, and has none of the excuses for his mishandling of familiar quotations which you and I and "little Tommy" can adduce.

Try Your Skill.—Let us end on a less depressing note. Not all misquoters deserve censure. If improvements in the text of great lines of poetry are rarities (for the author usually has a convincing reason for his choice of words), we must always remember to cite (among the deliberate) "'a babbled of green fields" which (for once), if not "Shakespeare," is quite up to his mark and a deal better than the mysterious gloss perpetuated in the folios. And sometimes you and I, when we misquote the poets, do very little harm to the original. Something urges us to substitute one adjective for another, to change a plural into a singular, because inexplicably the line runs easier or smoother on our tongues with the change.

Take this little lot of *mis*quotations from familiar lines; and, if you have come triumphantly through the *Elegy* test, see if you can be as exact with Tennyson and Keats.

> Dear as remembered kisses after death
> And sweet as those by idle fancy feigned
> On lips that are for others.
>
> The splendour falls on castle walls
> And dewy summits old in story.
>
> See, love, they die in yon rich sky.
>
> And answer, echo, answer, dying, dying, dying.
>
> Alas, what ails thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering ?
> The sedge is withered from the mere
> And no birds sing.
>
> Then felt I like some watcher of the sky
> When a new planet swings into his ken,
> Or like stout Cortez as with eagle eye
> He gazed at the Pacific. . . .

And here I have to ask the printer's reader *not* to join in the competition ! If he uses his famous skill, he will (for once) be my enemy, not my friend.

A SERVICE IN THE "MAYFLOWER" YARD

AN AMERICAN SERVICE OF DEDICATION FOR THE "MAYFLOWER II": The Command Chaplain, 3rd United States Air Force, the Rev. Leslie F. Zimmerman, conducts a service alongside the replica of the *Mayflower* which is being built in Brixham.

AFTER THE MATINEE AT THE SCALA THEATRE: Prince Charles and Princess Anne follow their aunt, Princess Margaret, as they leave the Scala Theatre after a Children's Dancing Matinee in aid of the Family Welfare Association. Following the children is the Hon. Iris Peake, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret.

A ROYAL CHILDREN'S MATINEE

Prince Charles and Princess Anne at the Scala Theatre

The Children's Dancing Matinee at the Scala Theatre in aid of the Family Welfare Association was attended by 300 youngsters, among whom were the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. They were accompanied to the theatre by their aunt, Princess Margaret. In order that the children could have a better view of the performance they had seats in the front row of the circle, instead of in the Royal Box. It is customary for Royal parties to leave before the end of these performances, but on this occasion the enthusiasm of the two children was so great that they were allowed to stay until the final curtain came down at 6.15. Among the cast were several friends of the Prince and Princess, including Viscount Lascelles and eight-year-old Marilyn Wills. The programme included a ballet based on the Pied Piper of Hamelin and a very enthusiastically received piece entitled the "Wild Frontier."

SAFEGUARDING HISTORIC BUILDINGS

A Kentish Windmill; Cotswold Villages Preserved; Ashdown House Given to the National Trust; Ragley Hall to be Restored

PRESERVING THE TREASURES OF RURAL ENGLAND: A Canterbury craftsman, Mr. Brian Wells, is seen at work on one of the sails of the Black Mill, Barham, near Dover. Below is the cottage of the couple who act as caretakers for the owner. The mill has been restored with the help of the Kent County Council.

A LANDMARK IN THE KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE: In front of the 122-year-old Black Mill at Barham are the caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kirby. They have looked after it for fifty years. The Kent County Council has designated the mill as a landmark.

HAVING THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS: The Gloucestershire village of Stanton is typical of many in the Cotswolds that have all the conveniences of modern life, without suffering from the usual eyesores of poles and wires. All the cottages in Stanton have electricity, but the apparatus which might disfigure the main street is out of sight behind the houses. Attractive Cotswold villages have retained their charm as a result of careful planning, control of building alterations and prohibition of advertisements. The Electricity Authority is co-operating in providing electric power without disfigurement.

On right—

A NEW NATIONAL TRUST ACQUISITION: Ashdown House, near Lambourn, in Berkshire, has been given to the National Trust. The donor, Cornelia Countess of Craven, has included in the gift an endowment and 40 acres of surrounding parkland. Ashdown House was built in the latter half of the seventeenth century as a hunting-box for the Craven family. Its height—four storeys—is unusual. The great staircase occupies more than a quarter of the house. Extensive repairs are being carried out, and when these are complete the building will be opened to the public.

A WARWICKSHIRE HOUSE TO BE RESTORED: This view shows the eighteenth-century west front of Ragley Hall, near Alcester, which is to receive a grant from the Ministry of Works for structural repairs.

A DETAIL OF THE INTERIOR: The dining-room at Ragley Hall contains this fine fire-place. The house includes work by Robert Hooke of about 1679; James Gibbs and James Wyatt.

ONE OF THE LIBRARIES AT RAGLEY HALL: This view of the Small Library at the Hall shows a door set into one of the book-cases, which has a false front.

THE ENTRANCE HALL: The doorways and scheme of Corinthian pilasters date from about 1725, and the enriched plaster-work on walls and ceiling, attributed to James Gibbs, from about thirty years later.

A BEAUTIFUL STAIRCASE: This reconstructed staircase and the hall below date from about 1725. When the work is complete the house will be open to the public for one day every week in the summer.

Ragley Hall, near Alcester, in Warwickshire, is to receive a grant from the Ministry of Works towards structural repairs. The Hall, which belongs to the Marquess of Hertford, is a large house of great interest, dating mostly from the eighteenth century. It shows the workmanship of three craftsmen: Robert Hooke, James Gibbs and James Wyatt. The decoration of the entrance hall, among the finest of its period, is almost certainly attributable to Gibbs, though some say that it dates back to 1725. Details of Hooke's work have survived in the pavilions at the four corners of the house. Rooms on the east entrance front contain rococo plaster and joinery of the early eighteenth century, while those on the garden front are generally in post-Adam style. Two staircases have been reconstructed in their original form. The portico and windows on the entrance front are probably by Wyatt, who also added the middle attic on the opposite side. An eighteenth-century stable block is arranged symmetrically around two courtyards. The whole house is set in 24 acres of gardens and a large park.

AN AMERICAN MEMORIAL AT CAMBRIDGE

The Dedication of a Memorial Chapel in the American War Cemetery at Madingley, on the Outskirts of the City

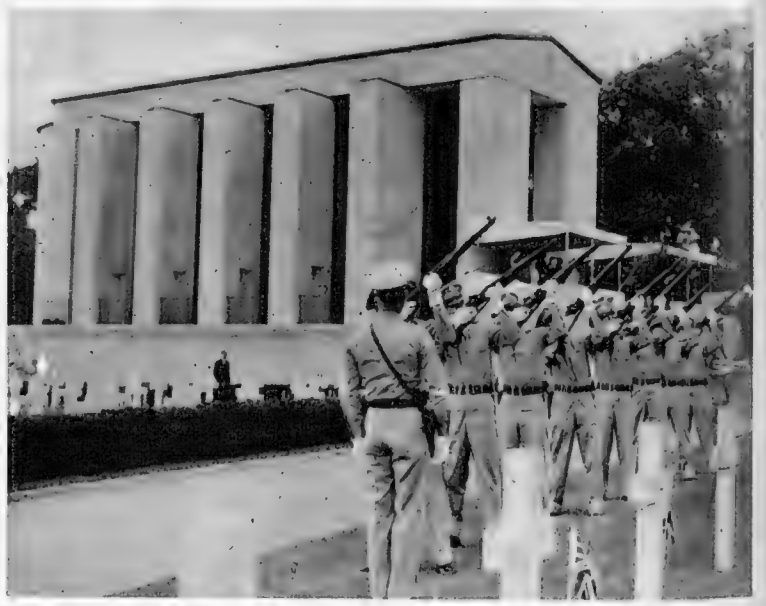
The new memorial chapel at the American war cemetery at Madingley, on the outskirts of Cambridge, commemorates the killed and missing of the United States Services who operated from bases in Britain during the Second World War. Built in Portland stone and of modern design, it stands on land donated by Cambridge University. Title to the land remains British, but it has been presented to the U.S.A. for use in perpetuity and without rental. Prominent features in the decoration of the chapel are the two gigantic wall maps. One of the maps, which is constructed of marble, bronze and aluminium, measures 30 ft. wide and 18 ft. high, and occupies a large part of one of the interior walls. It depicts the Allied mastery of the Atlantic, and air assaults over Europe during the war. The other map, on the outside wall, shows all the places where U.S. forces were stationed in the United Kingdom.

Inside the long and narrow chapel there is much elaborate mosaic work, which incorporates features of the war as well as religious symbols. The modern design on the ceiling includes various aircraft and is in memory of the men "who flew their final flight from these friendly islands." The marble for the mosaic work has been brought over from Italy. In the stained-glass side windows there are medallions depicting the forty-eight States, three territories and the District of Columbia. Other windows have medallions representing various U.S. military decorations. In the cemetery, where four statues represent the U.S. Fighting Services and the U.S. Coast Guard, there are 3,811 graves. The names of the missing men are inscribed on one of the walls of the chapel.

At last week's dedication service, which was attended by representatives of the Governments and Armed Forces of the United States and the United Kingdom, the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, said in a speech: "The men buried in this cemetery rest in hospitable soil." Messages were read from the Queen and President Eisenhower, and a speech was also made by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The chapel has been erected by the American Battle Monuments Commission. It is the first of six to be dedicated during July at United States Military Cemeteries in Western Europe.

THE NEW MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT THE UNITED STATES WAR CEMETERY AT MADINGLEY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAMBRIDGE: This view of the interior, looking towards the altar, shows one of the two gigantic wall maps depicting various stages of the war. The chapel, which was dedicated last week, commemorates members of the U.S. Services who lost their lives in the war while operating from the United Kingdom.

THE ALTAR OF THE MODERN-STYLE CHAPEL: It is set in an apse decorated with elaborate mosaic. Over the screen are the words "Into thy hands O Lord," and behind the altar is the inscription "He restoreth my soul. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."



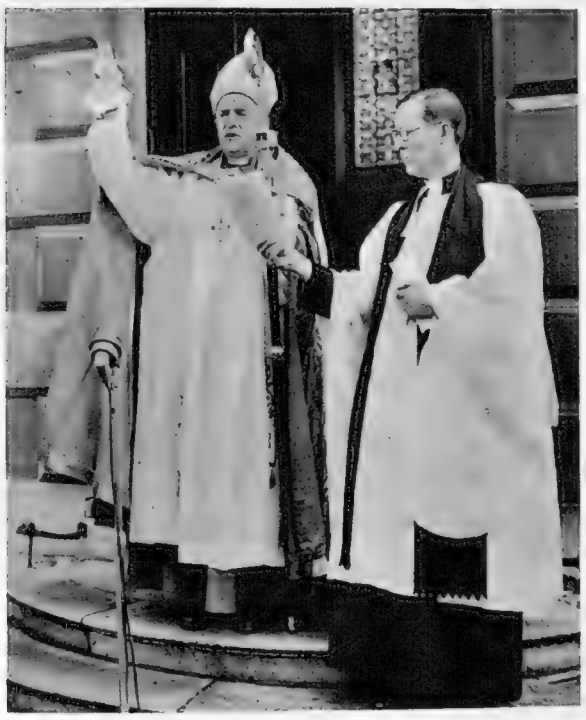
THE DEDICATION SERVICE: American troops fire a volley over the graves of United States soldiers during the dedication service. The ceremony was attended by the American Ambassador and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WORLD-WIDE ANGLICAN COMMUNION MEET AT LAMBETH PALACE: Bishops from home and overseas, forming the Consultative Body of the Lambeth Conference and of the Anglican Advisory Council on Missionary Strategy, meet the Archbishop of Canterbury to discuss the Agenda for the Eighth Lambeth Conference.

The Lambeth Conference, which is attended by Bishops of the Anglican Communion throughout the world, is held every ten years for consultation on important Church questions. The next conference is to be held in 1958 and representatives from dioceses at home and overseas last week attended a three-day meeting at Lambeth Palace, in London, to arrange the agenda. In the above picture the representatives are: Front row, from left to right: The Rt. Rev. E. Graham, Bishop of Brechin, Scotland; Rt. Rev. Walter H. Gray, Connecticut, U.S.A.; Rt. Rev. K. H. Ting, Chekiang, China; Most Rev. W. F. Barfoot, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Most Rev. Thomas Hannay, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles and Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland; Rt. Rev. H. W. B. Donagan, Bishop of New York; Rt. Rev. L. C. Usher-Wilson, Bishop on the Upper Nile; Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell, Chichester (also representing Japan); Rt. Rev. G. F. Allen, representing the Bishop in Jerusalem; Rt. Rev. N. W. Newnham Davis, representing the West Indies, and the Rt. Rev. M. H. Harland, Bishop-Designate of Durham. Back row, left to right: Rt. Rev. H. C. M. Campbell, Bishop of London; Rt. Rev. W. Lash, Bombay, India; Rt. Rev. A. H. Cullen, Grahamstown, South Africa; Rt. Rev. W. H. Baddeley, Bishop of Blackburn, representing New Zealand; Most Rev. J. L. C. Horstead, Archbishop of West Africa; Rt. Rev. H. D. Martin, Saskatchewan, Canada; Rt. Rev. C. A. Martin, Liverpool; Rt. Rev. A. T. P. Williams, Winchester; Rt. Rev. L. H. Woolmer, Lahore; Rt. Rev. W. J. Hughes, Matebeleland, representing Central Africa; Rt. Rev. J. C. Jones, Bangor, Wales; Rt. Rev. J. B. Bentley (United States), and the Rt. Rev. H. W. Baines, Singapore.

AT LAMBETH AND GUILDFORD

Representatives of the Anglican Communion Arrange the Agenda for the Next Lambeth Conference in 1958; and the Enthronement of Guildford's New Bishop



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE FOURTH BISHOP OF GUILDFORD: The procession of clergy is seen on its way from Abbott's Hospital to the Cathedral Church of Holy Trinity for the enthronement of the Right Rev. Ivor Stanley Watkins as the new Bishop of the diocese. *On left*—From a terrace outside the cathedral, the new Bishop blesses the diocese after his enthronement by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable Alexander Sargent. As the Bishop entered the cathedral after giving the customary three knocks with his pastoral staff on the west door, a fanfare was sounded by trumpeters from the Military School of Music.

RECENT TRENDS IN YACHT-BUILDING

New Ideas in the Design and Construction of Small Ships

By UFFA FOX

THE smaller a ship the less is her cost. She can be built more quickly and altered if required with less expense. So, smaller vessels tend to lead the way in design, construction, sails and rigging.

During the last few years the catamarans have caught the imagination of yachtsmen all over the world, and many of them have been built. However, it was not until the cross-Channel Race from Folkestone to Boulogne, on Saturday, June 16, that those from British yards triumphed over all others. A grey southerly wind made the race a beat to windward to the Varne lightship, and a close reach for the remaining 15 miles to Boulogne. Such conditions suit a catamaran, for the two pencil-slim hulls cut cleanly through the seas and are spread so far apart that they give the ship power to carry her sail. Taking full advantage of this the first two to finish at Boulogne were clean, light and well-designed catamarans.

The success of these two catamarans will lead to increasing numbers being built. Admittedly, they are wet boats and our waters are cold, but there are many who will endure this cold-water sailing because of the great fun and excitement of sailing fast.

Hydrofoils have long been used on power-driven craft. Though they lift the boats clear of the water and increase their speeds, they have never become popular, for they stand out from the vessel's sides and prevent her from laying alongside a pier comfortably. They also add to the draught and, worst disadvantage of all, the propeller and shaft, at its steep angle and great depth, are very liable to damage.

THE WINNER OF A CROSS-CHANNEL RACE: The catamaran *Endeavour* cuts through the sea off Cowes. Last June this vessel won the Folkestone—Boulogne race. Boats of this type have two slim pencil-like hulls which, with the sails spread far apart, give great power and speed. Catamarans made full use of their advantages in the race.

SUCCESS FOR BRITISH BOAT-BUILDERS: Beached near Boulogne are *Endeavour* and another catamaran, *Shearwater III*, after they had come first and second respectively in the recent cross-Channel race from Folkestone. It is expected that their success will lead to an increasing number of these boats being built.

In spite of these drawbacks a start has now been made with sailing-craft using hydrofoils, for the reason that they promise greater speeds. They are being designed and fitted to yachts in American and British waters and it is possible to attain a speed of 30 miles an hour with them under ideal sailing conditions. A strong metal tube is fixed across the deck just abaft the mast, and well out from the sides a pair of Venetian blinds of streamlined blades is fitted. Aft is a single set of blades which lift the stern and also act as the rudder.

As the vessel sails faster, she climbs out of the water, using fewer and shorter blades. The resistance under water is thus cut down until finally both the vessel and many of the blades are out of the water. In this way, with such little water resistance, she can sail at 30 miles an hour. The foils, or blades, have an approximate 3-degree lift angle, but are lifted upwards and outwards at an angle of 40 degrees. In the past they were extended outwards, almost flat, to give the greatest lift, but experience has shown that a 40-degree angle enables the blades to pierce the surface water more easily. There is no sudden jerk as the boat rises or drops. When the vessel lifts at high speeds those aboard get less cold spray over them. This form of sailing is still in its infancy. But since a light, fast boat can be fitted with hydrofoils, it seems probable that their development will attract many people.

The Duke of Edinburgh's new 24-ft. centreboarder *Fairey Fox* is a very promising craft. She has sailed at 15 knots at Rothesay in Scottish waters, but she has more than speed to commend her. Because of her size she is comfortable and can take six people, and so would make a fine vessel for cruising. When her gunter lug is reefed the top of the spars and sails is only 13 ft., exactly that of the National 12-ft. Firefly. Thus *Fairey Fox*, though a high-speed racer, can also become a comfortable day boat with a small jib and her well-reefed gunter's lug. Moreover, she can lay at a mooring in a tideway without capsizing. This cannot be done by the present-day centreboarders which are dominated by their great long Bermudian masts.

Little change has taken place in the Cruiser classes. A weakness in the Royal Ocean Racing Club rules at one time encouraged a few owners and designers to cut down the sheer line forward. But they found this lessened the stowage room in the bow and also the buoyancy in the most important place, so the sheer line is now back to normal. There is a growing tendency towards centreboard cruisers, even for ocean racing. While the deep-keel boat, with its lead ballast keel low down, is faster to windward in a seaway, the centreboarder, with its centreboard hauled up, has less water resistance off the wind and scores in chasing away before the wind. With its shallow draught it can enter small harbours.

Sails many years ago were of flax. After them came cotton which sets and stands flatter. Then nylon was invented by America. This synthetic material was unsuitable for standing sails because of its elasticity, but it became increasingly popular for running sails such as spinnakers. Recently, Britain has produced Terylene which the Americans call Dacron. This is a stable synthetic cloth without stretch and it is being used more and more for standing sails (mainsails and jibs), especially in wet climates. It is almost unaffected by rain and salt spray, and has the advantage over cotton, which stretches in warm weather and shrinks when wet. At present, however, Terylene is more expensive than cotton.

Man has to design and build with the materials available. The Eskimo makes his seaworthy kayak of sealskin, driftwood and whalebone. We, with more materials to hand, have always had wider freedom in choice of materials. A hundred years ago all our standing rigging was of hemp fibre, which stretched. To-day we use strong steel without stretch, and can set our masts far more easily. Hulls are now being constructed of fibreglass, a material unaffected by changes in the weather. However, building of moulded wood has gone ahead faster and farther than other new methods. This is not surprising since wood has been the favourite material for boats for centuries. It is plentiful and cheap compared with plastics.

In these moulded hulls new sea-resisting glues are employed. Every year research chemists are improving them, and bringing out better glues, which are more easily handled. For large vessels the stems, keels and frames are comprised of many laminations of wood held and bound together by these strong enduring glues. This system has replaced the old method of bolts, nails and screws, for which holes had to be drilled through the various wooden members. This meant the wood was weakened. The bolts and screws also added enormously to the weight of the structure. By the new moulding methods hulls are becoming increasingly stronger.

Boat-building is always in a state of development. But any new material must be capable of withstanding the pressure of the relentless sea. Because of this, small vessels constructed for racing near the shore usually lead the way in the evolution of new ideas and materials.

But the greatest change in the sailing world is the ever-growing number of women who sail and sail well. In the past there were a hundred yachtsmen to one yachtswoman. To-day, for every ten new sailing men there are ten new sailing women. This is an excellent state of affairs and long may it continue.

A CRUISER OF MOULDED WOOD: The hull and decks of the 26-ft. *Atalanta* Mk. II are hot moulded, thus ensuring a sound waterproof hull. The boat is designed by the author of this article, and built by Fairey Marine, Ltd.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S NEW 24-FT. CENTRE-BOARDER: *Fairey Fox* is a high-speed racer and has sailed at 15 knots. Of comfortable size—she can take six people—she also makes a fine vessel for cruising. She has the additional advantage of being able to lay at a mooring in a tide-way without capsizing.

On right—

"THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE": The 18-ft. Jollyboat *Jolly Soo*, using a "flying trapeze," sails in the Folkestone-Boulogne race, in which she took the first prize for single-hulled dinghies. When a trapeze is fitted to a centreboard craft, her power to carry sail is increased and so is her speed. The Jollyboat thus equipped is both fast and simple to sail.

THE NEW MATERIAL FOR SAILS: The wind fills these sails of Terylene, the material from which sails are now being made. It is a synthetic cloth which does not stretch and is almost unaffected by rain and salt spray and extremes of climate. In these respects it is superior to flax, cotton or other materials.

A GLASS PLASTIC HULL: The motor-launch *Perpetua* has a hull of material which does not react to changes in climate. When built three years ago, the vessel was the largest glass plastic hull in the world. Now several bigger glass hulls have been launched. British boat-builders are developing numerous materials to withstand the pressure of the sea.

VISITORS TO LONDON

The Welsh National Opera at Sadler's Wells; Bristol Players in "Major Barbara" at The Old Vic; Starting Marilyn Monroe's Film

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS OF THE WELSH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY: Standing on the centre platform, surrounded by the chorus, are Brian Drake, in the part of Pagano (wearing helmet and armour), and Paul Asciak (Arvino). In the right background in the cloister are Rosina Raisbeck (Giselda) and, to her left, Lilian Prosser-Evans (Viclinda). This was a scene in Verdi's *I Lombardi* with which the company opened their six-day season at Sadler's Wells last week. The opera, one of the composer's lesser-known works, had not been heard in London for over a hundred years. The Welsh singers showed themselves splendidly suited to revive its fine choral score which is based on a religious theme.

A BARITONE FROM SWANSEA: Elwyn Adams sang Acciano in *I Lombardi* at Sadler's Wells under Warwick Braithwaite, with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.

TENOR AND MEZZO-SOPRANO: Alfred Hallet as Oronte, one of the principal parts in *I Lombardi*, and Patti Lewis (Sosia) together at Sadler's Wells last week.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: The eminent actor, in the part of the Grand Duke Charles, approaches the entrance to the Foreign Office in the famous quadrangle of Whitehall, in London. This was one of the first shots to be taken in the film of *The Sleeping Prince*, for which Marilyn Monroe has recently arrived to co-star with Sir Laurence.

THE SHAW CENTENARY AT THE OLD VIC: Joseph O'Conor, as Andrew Undershaft, and Moira Shearer, as Barbara, are seen in Shaw's *Major Barbara* at the Old Vic. The play, which is being produced by the Bristol Old Vic Company, ends its fortnight at the London Old Vic to-night (Saturday). It is the first of two Shavian dramas which the London Old Vic is presenting to mark the hundredth anniversay of the birth of "G.B.S." The second play is *Cæsar and Cleopatra* by the Birmingham Repertory Company, which opens on Monday. *Major Barbara* combines the dramatic ability of its author with the inconsistent ideas which perplexed him.

PRESENTATIONS IN LISBON

The Awards for the International Sailing Race are Distributed by the Portuguese President

On left—

THE WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SAILING RACE: The cadets who crewed the British ketch *Moyana* to victory in the over-100-ton class stand around the prize on board the Portuguese barque *Sagres*, anchored in the mouth of the Tagus. In the right centre foreground is the Master of the ketch, Captain H. Stewart. The award, which is in the form of a 100-lb. bronze depicting in relief three sails filled with wind, was presented by General Lopes, the President of Portugal. The 103-ton British ketch was entered by the School of Navigation, Southampton, and beat the runner-up in the over-100-ton class, the Norwegian full-rigged ship *Christian Radich*, by 57 mins. She had a time allowance of more than 25 hours, 5 hours less than the handicap of the *Christian Radich*.

AN UNEXPECTED PRIZE: Hassim Mardin (on right), the owner of the Turkish yawl *Ruyam*, presents a cup to Captain Stewart. It was a personal award he had decided to give the winner. In the centre are, left, Admiral Americo Tomas, the Portuguese Minister of Marine; and, right, Sen. Pedro Pereira, Ambassador to London.

THE PORTUGUESE PRESIDENT AWARDS HIS TROPHY: General Lopes (on left) presents the 100-lb. bronze relief to Captain Stewart, in uniform on right. In the centre is the Portuguese Ambassador to the United Kingdom and, on the right, Captain Coombes, who was representing the School of Navigation, Southampton.

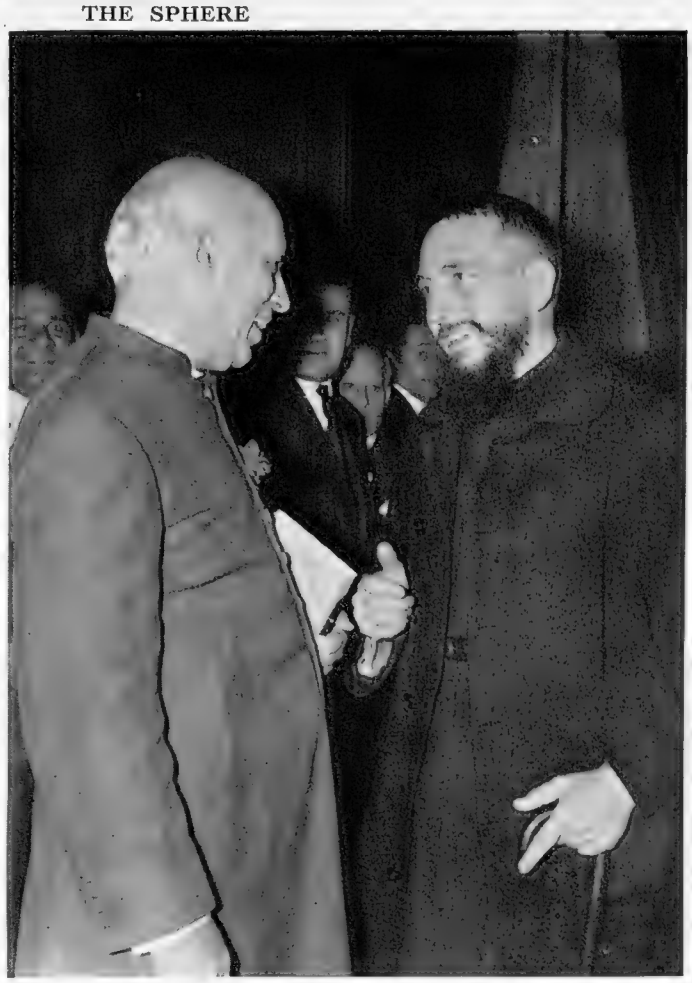
PRINCE BERNHARD ABOARD ARETHUSA

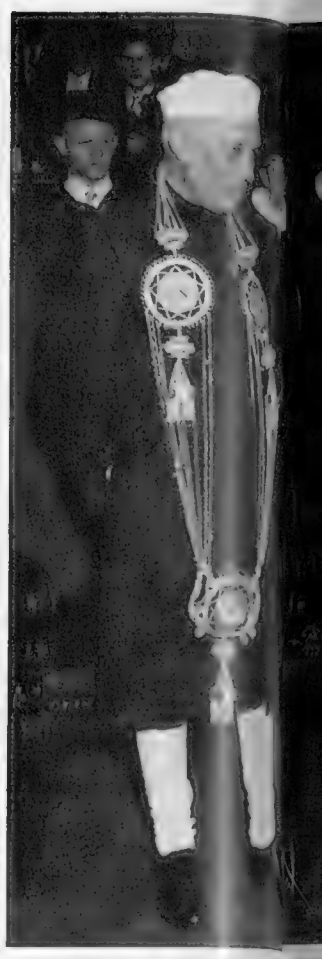
The Prince of the Netherlands Presents Awards on Board the Naval Training Vessel "Arethusa"

THE PASSING-OUT PARADE ON BOARD "ARETHUSA": Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands speaks to assembled cadets and their parents during the presentation of prizes. *On right*—Some of the cadets serving in the naval training-vessel give a display of gymnastics for the Royal visitor, who had been invited to present the annual awards.

The recent passing-out parade on board the naval training-vessel *Arethusa* was attended by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who had been invited to distribute the prizes to the cadets. Before speaking to the assembled ship's company and their parents and friends, he made a tour of the vessel and inspected a guard of honour and the ship's band. The present *Arethusa* was inaugurated as a training-vessel in 1933 after the original, a 50-gun frigate which took part in the Crimea campaign, had been condemned as unfit for further service as a naval school by the Admiralty. She is permanently moored in the River Medway near Upnor, Rochester, Kent.

PRIZES FROM A PRINCE: Leading Boy Barrie Dimmock, from Buckinghamshire, receives his awards from Prince Bernhard. The young cadet had won the Rob Roy Cup.





MR. NEHRU IN FRANCE AND IN WEST GERMANY: *Left*—**The Indian Premier listens to M. René Coty, the President of France, at a reception given in his honour at the Elysée Pala in Paris.** *Centre*—**He talks with the Abbé Pierre at the Indian Embassy in the French capital. The Abbé is known as the "Apostle of the Homeless" because of his wo for the down-and-outs in Paris.** *Right*—**Mr. Nehru is with Dr. Albert Kolb, President of Hamburg University (centre), and Dr. Gerhard Schubert, Dean of the Medical Facul before receiving honorary degrees at the German University.** The Indian Leader a Dr. Kolb are wearing gold filigree decorations presented to them by the Indian Colony in Hambu Mr. Nehru went to Germany and France before flying to Brioni, in Yugoslavia, for his confere with Marshal Tito and Colonel Nasser. It was his first official visit to the Federal Republic. In B he is reported to have discussed further deliveries of French arms and aircraft for the Indian fo

WANDERING STATESMEN

Foreign News, with Particular Reference to the Travels of Princes, Presidents, and Prime Ministers

AMERICA TO GIVE £1,250,000 AID TO ISRAEL: Mr. John Foster Dulles, United States Secretary of State, Mr. Abba Eban, the Israeli Ambassador in Washington (left), and Mr. Bernard Katzen, a Special Consultant to the State Department, consult together in the American capital. Mr. Dulles was about to announce that the United States proposes to spend 3,500,000 dollars (£1,250,000) to assist scientific and humanitarian projects in the state of Israel.

On right—

RECALLED TO MOSCOW: Waving before he leaves Wahn Airport is Mr. Valerian Zorin, the Soviet Ambassador in Bonn. He had been recalled to Moscow after only seven months at his Embassy to become a Deputy Foreign Minister in the Kremlin. Mr. Zorin's return to Moscow may be part of the current Soviet policy to detach the Federal Republic from its alliances with the West and bring it more into sympathy with East German ideas of German unity.

COLONEL NASSER IN YUGOSLAVIA: With President and Madame Tito, the Prime Minister Egypt is seen at a reception given in his honour in Belgrade. This took place duri the State visit which preceded his talks with Marshal Tito and Mr. Nehru at Bri

A ROYAL VISITOR TO MOSCOW: Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the son of King Norodom Suramarit of Cambodia, sits in the Kremlin with Mr. Khrushchev, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Molotov, the former Soviet Foreign Minister. The Prince was leading a delegation from Cambodia to Moscow for talks with the Soviet leaders. The Soviet Union offered economic and technical aid and Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khruschchev were invited to visit Cambodia.

THE HEADS OF STATE OF PAKISTAN AND PERSIA: Major-General Iskander Mirza, the President of Pakistan (left), and the Begum Iskander Mirza (right) come down the steps of the Sadabad Palace, in Teheran, with the Shah of Persia and his Queen, Soraya. President Mirza and his wife were making a short stop in the capital of Persia on their way by air to Ankara for their State visit to Turkey. In Ankara he has been spending the last fortnight exchanging military and other information, relative to the Bagdad Pact, with Turkish political leaders, as well as attending official functions. He and the Begum are due to return to Pakistan to-morrow (Sunday).

THE GOLD COAST ELECTIONS

Dr. Nkrumah's Convention People's Party Wins a Decisive Victory With a Majority of 38, on a Policy of Independence in the Commonwealth

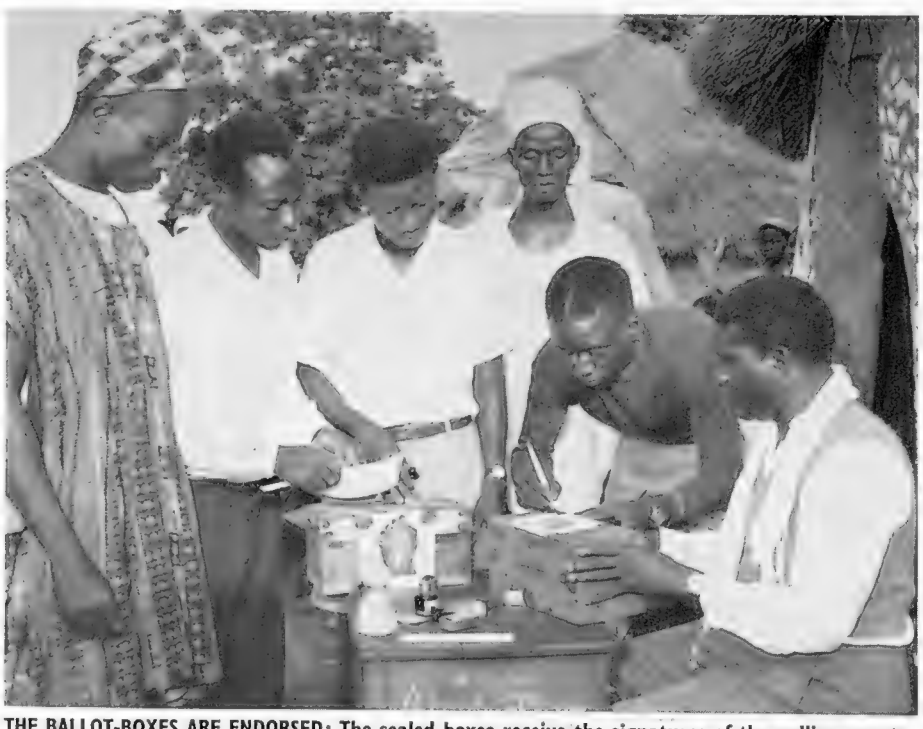
VOTING IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES: In the Gold Coast elections, voters were encouraged by fine weather to travel long distances to the polling stations. These horsemen are on their way to Kasiliyi to vote. The Convention People's Party of Dr. Nkrumah won the elections.

A VOTER ENTERS A POLLING BOOTH: Polling stations were often in the form of native huts. Mr. Abudulai Wulana, a chief's linguist, enters to record his vote. In the Northern Territories the Northern People's Party now holds fifteen seats.

In the Gold Coast elections the Government party, the Convention People's Party led by Dr. Nkrumah, has won a clear victory over its opponents, which has given it a mandate for its policy of independence for the Gold Coast within the Commonwealth. It has won 71 seats. The return of the C.P.P. was expected, for the Opposition parties were not united. The main regional parties were the National Liberation Movement, which won 12 seats, and the Northern People's Party, with 15. Other parties and independents accounted for 6 seats. The greatest opposition to the C.P.P. lay in Ashanti and the Northern Territories, the strongholds of the N.L.M. and the N.P.P. Most of the strength of the C.P.P. lay in the coastal areas.

THE BALLOT-BOXES ARE SEALED: The African presiding officer in charge of a polling station and his assistants seal the ballot-boxes before voting begins. The cock represents the C.P.P. and the clenched fist the Northern People's Party. Voters placed slips in the box of their choice.

ENSURING FAIR PLAY: A woman polling assistant inks the thumb of a voter before he enters the polling station to make sure that he does not try to vote twice. The arrangements for voting ensured that the ballot was secret and secure.



THE BALLOT-BOXES ARE ENDORSED: The sealed boxes receive the signatures of the polling agents, under the supervision of the presiding officer (seated on right). This was the second election held in the Gold Coast, and procedure was basically the same as in British elections.

BRITISH M.P.s OBSERVE THE POLLING: A polling assistant checks the name of a voter while two visiting M.P.s look on. They are (centre) Sir Roland Robinson and (right) Mr. E. L. Mallalieu. On the left is the Chief Regional Officer.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN ROAD COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN WALES AND THE MIDLANDS: The new skew span bridge over the River Severn at Maisemore, near Gloucester, is now open to traffic. From the foreground runs the wooden structure of a temporary bridge which is being dismantled by workmen. The new bridge is 150 ft. in length. It is constructed of reinforced concrete faced with local stone. Its single span allows free flow of the river and this reduces the risk of floods. This new structure is part of the scheme to improve the A417 route, which links Herefordshire and mid-Wales with Gloucester where it joins the main South Wales trunk road. Hitherto Maisemore has been regarded as a bottleneck for traffic.

CROSSING RIVERS

The New Severn Bridge; and a Cornish Ferry Converted to Diesel

A NEW MEANS OF CROSSING THE SEVERN: A car drives over the bridge at Maisemore, which replaces a narrow brick structure started in 1785. Previous to this there are records of at least five bridges having been here at different times. Work began on the new bridge in 1939 but was interrupted by the war.

On left—

OVER THE RIVER FAL IN CORNWALL: Cars come off the King Harry Ferry which runs across the River Fal between King Harry and Philleigh in South Cornwall. The ferry has recently been converted to diesel power. The boat is an old landing-craft and hitherto it has been powered by steam. Now it has only one chain, which is seen on the right. A guide hawser has replaced the chain on the left-hand side. The ferry provides a short cut from Truro and West Cornwall to St. Mawes and the Roseland Peninsula in the south. It is much used by holiday-makers during summer months.

A PRIVATE MOTORING "NURSERY"

A New Kind of Driving School at Whitley; Self-service at the Garage; New Petrol; The Road Traffic Bill; and Other News of the Motoring World

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MR. LESLIE SUTTON, a Coventry business man, has the right idea. He has opened, at Whitley, on the outskirts of the city, a new kind of driving school.

The instructors teach people to drive on a series of private roads right away from the busy traffic on the highways. Mr. Sutton has laid out, at a cost of close on £10,000, a 3½-acre site where beginners learn how to drive with the aid of a perimeter track, an artificial hill with a steep gradient and bays lined with straw bales in which they practise gear-changing at an early stage of their tuition.

There are imitation cross-roads, complete with traffic lights, and more bays where accurate reversing and parking manœuvres are taught. As pupils drive around this private motoring "nursery" they learn to observe many of the road signs they will come across when they are turned loose on the public roads. Traffic islands are marked with bollards which, if a car runs into them, merely bend over and spring back again as soon as the pressure is removed. At a later stage, pupils are able to practise on a skid-pan. Mr. Sutton was an Army motor-cycling instructor in the last war. That was when he first had the idea of teaching people to drive off the public roads.

More than one coroner has spoken of the desirability of this method. The last to do so was the Coventry coroner. I should imagine we shall see more of these motoring nurseries up and down the country.

I see, in one of the daily newspapers, that a garage proprietor in Brixton, London, S.E.24, is offering the public self-service facilities. A jolly good idea, too. You go along—mainly by appointment, for the scheme is evidently very popular—and use the man's hydraulic ramp, his power-operated grease-gun, his high-pressure hose, or anything else you like.

For these facilities he charges a fee which represents a considerable saving on what it would cost to get the work done by a garage staff. The firm's leaflet states that you can grease your own vehicles for 5s., spray the springs for 1s., sand-blast the plugs for 8d., and give the car a detergent wash for 2s. 6d.

I don't profess to know what other garages think of this particular form of enterprise. They probably look down their noses at it. I should imagine, too, that mechanics do not take too kindly to the idea.

The motorists who use the Brixton self-service station appear to fall into two main categories, as they do in the United States, where there are many such establishments. There are the car-owners who like to service their own cars because of the sheer joy of doing it. (The proprietor of the Brixton self-service garage is reported as saying that these motorists "treat their cars like babies.")

Most of the other self-service customers are people who don't necessarily like tinkering about with grease nipples and things, but who don't altogether trust the way some garages look after their cars when they take them in for a lubrication service.

The new 100-octane petrol is now on sale. It costs 4d. a gallon more than the premium grades of Shell and B.P. The zonal prices are: Inner Zone (up to 15 miles from the main ports), 4s. 11d.; Outer Zone (between 15 and 40 miles from the ports), 4s. 11½d.; General Zone, 5s. This later Super Shell and B.P. Super Plus is Britain's first 100-octane motor spirit. It has been developed for cars with high compression ratios. Over the years engine designers have steadily increased compression ratios. At Britain's Motor Show in 1938, for instance, the average compression ratio was 6.24 to 1. At the 1955 Show it had risen to 7.1 to 1.

"The new petrols will appeal particularly to owners of sports cars, but it is expected that many keen motorists with modern cars will like to try out these new grades," a Shell-Mex and B.P. spokesman hopefully observed.

I was assured that their other petrol grades will continue unchanged in quality and price. For the benefit of readers I put one or two questions. "Can the new petrol be used in any car?" I asked. ANSWER: Yes, but only those cars with fairly high compression ratios will be able to take full advantage of its anti-knock quality.

QUESTION: Will the new 100-octane fuel do any harm if used in cars with moderate or low compression ratios? ANSWER: None whatever. The idea that they might be "too powerful" for some cars is quite erroneous.

By the time these words are read the Road Traffic Bill may have been finally passed. It is the first major piece of road transport legislation since Parliament placed the Road Traffic Act of 1934 on the Statute Book. That was the Act which introduced the 30 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas and the studded pedestrian crossings with unilluminated Belisha beacons.

A GREAT SUCCESS FOR BRITISH CARS IN THE ALPINE RALLY: In a total of nine Alpine cups awarded to Britain out of a possible seventeen in the 1956 Rally, five were won by Triumph T.R.3 cars. On the right of the picture are M. Gatsonides and his co-driver, E. Pennybacker, who won the Silver Alpine Cup awarded for three non-consecutive wins, two of which were in a Triumph. The crews of the other four winning Triumphs are W. Cave, P. Hopkirk, P. Kat, J. Kat, L. Griffiths, Dr. T. N. Blockley, T. Wisdom and Ann Wisdom. Among the other successes by Triumph cars was the award of the team prize.

Main provisions of the latest Bill concern compulsory vehicle tests and parking meters. These, at any rate, have been the Bill's most controversial features.

As I type these notes the position is that Parliament is giving the Transport Minister power to introduce compulsory annual testing of vehicles ten years old or more. The intention—initially, at any rate—is that these vehicles—of which there are probably 2,000,000—shall be tested for brakes, lights and steering at inspection stations provided by the Government or local authorities and perhaps at private garages also.

The Minister can introduce the scheme area by area, and that is probably what he will do. It is unlikely that he will be ready to start the scheme, even in the London area, for another year. In giving the Minister power to approve the use of parking meters by local authorities, Parliament has for the very first time authorised a charge for parking on the Queen's Highway.

"What about the car-park attendants in London squares and on seaside promenades?" I can hear you asking. The answer is that when these men produce their little books of tickets—some issued by the police or the local council—they have no legal authority to compel you to pay.

The British Grand Prix at Silverstone was full of excitement from start to finish. First, we had the stirring sight of a British car—Mike Hawthorn's B.R.M.—out in front for the first fifteen laps, with Tony Brooks' B.R.M. not far behind. Then a terrific duel developed between Stirling Moss (Maserati) and Juan Fangio (Ferrari). Moss—desperately in need of more world championship points—led for half the race, but when his car developed mechanical trouble the world champion went into the lead and stayed there for the rest of the 303-mile race.

Peter Collins also had the misfortune to have his Ferrari fail under him, but, taking over the Ferrari of the Marquis de Portago (who had been driving very well indeed), he finished second, only 90 seconds behind Fangio, and maintained his lead in the world championship table by a single point, with Fangio second. The big British challenge petered out. All three Vanwalls and each of the three B.R.M.s retired. But a Connaught was driven into fourth place by Jack Fairman. Well done, Jack, and well done Rodney Clarke.

The British Road Federation is getting all het-up about London's Hammersmith. And no wonder. Four million pounds are being spent on the Cromwell Road extension, which is to link with the Great West Road to give London a better western exit, but the decision not to proceed with a "fly-over" road at Hammersmith seems likely to rob the scheme of much of its value.

Absence of the half-mile Hammersmith viaduct is likely to create a serious traffic bottleneck in that borough, in spite of the new roundabout system that is planned. If, as is rumoured, the "fly-over" scheme has been shelved because of local opposition, the Government should intervene in defence of wider interests.

The R.A.C. has announced a new insurance policy which is capable of removing at least one niggling anxiety from the minds of members when they are motoring abroad. It offers complete cover against the cost of medical treatment required by a member, his family or friends travelling with him on the Continent. It covers the payment of all professional charges made by doctors; hospital or nursing home expenses; extra hotel bills resulting from illness; and travelling expenses in connection with treatment.

Premiums vary according to the duration of cover. For 10s. members can obtain a £50 policy for sixteen days. If they insure for a total benefit of £250 extending over two months, the premium is £4.

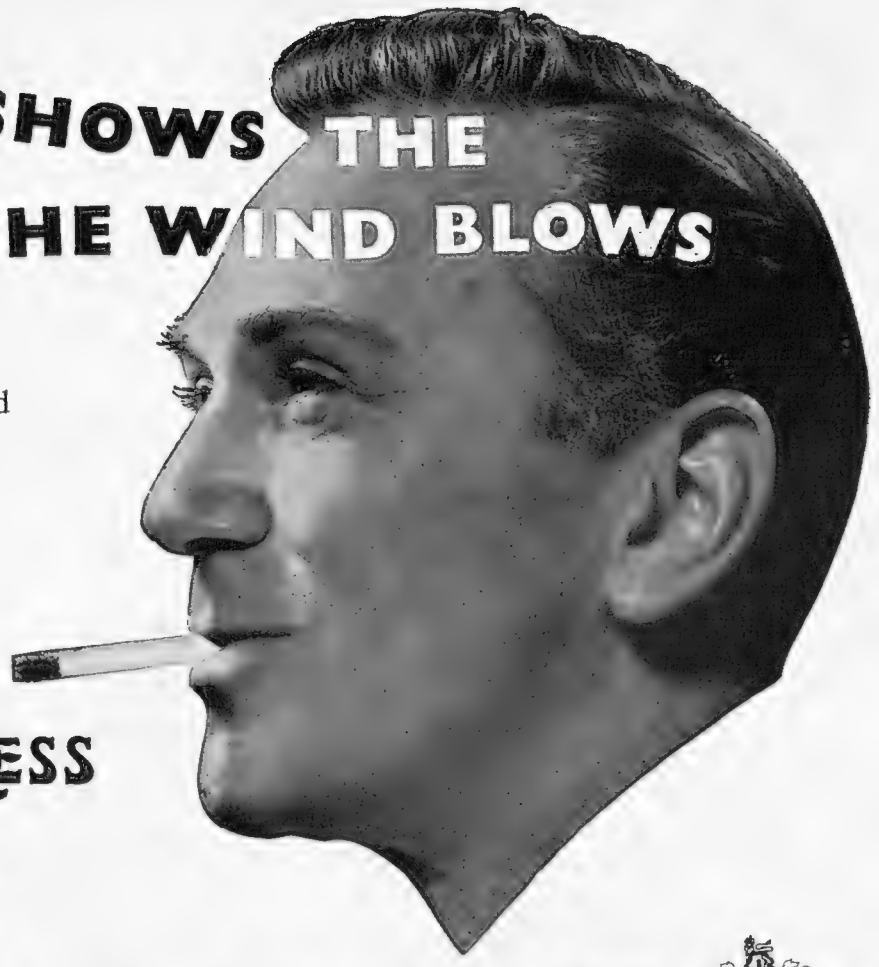
We hear a lot of criticism of the alleged difficulty experienced by foreign buyers of British cars in getting spare parts. Unfortunately there is much truth in this charge against Britain's car builders. They realise this and some of the bigger firms, at least, are doing something about it. For instance, the British Motor Corporation have put up an enormous central depot at Cowley, Oxfordshire, to store and handle spares for the whole of the Corporation.

THE 1,000-cc. CLASS IS ALSO WON BY BRITAIN: Dr. Dudley Barker and his co-driver Mr. D. Cooke, in their Standard Ten, were the only team to finish out of eleven starters in the under 1,000-cc. Series Production, Modified and Grand Touring class. In the background are some of the Triumph T.R.3 cars, successful in other events.

Vauxhalls have paid special attention to this problem in their big expansion scheme and so have Fords, who have, in fact, just opened their new spares depot at Aveley, in Essex. They claim it is the most modern in Europe. It will carry a stock of more than 30,000 different spare parts and accessories worth £2,500,000.

A mass of road-accident statistics for 1954 issued by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe shows that road transport exacts a heavy toll throughout Europe. In the thirteen countries included in their survey 765,400 accidents resulted in 33,228 people being killed and 915,826 injured.

SMOKE SHOWS THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS



There's a day in a man's life when he realizes that he's wearing a much better suit than he used to, and ordering a far more expensive dinner. Then perhaps it comes to him as a shock that for the sake of a few pennies he might be smoking the best cigarettes in the world—

4/2 FOR 20
also in 10 · 25 · 50 · 100 (including round air-tight tins of 50)

STATE EXPRESS 555

E.53

The Best Cigarettes in the World

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS 210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO LTD

Firestone TUBELESS TYRES

The FACTS about Tubeless Tyre Safety

Protection from BLOWOUTS

In this safety tyre the tube is replaced with an airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre. No tube to pinch, tear or blow out if injury to the tyre body occurs. Damage which might cause a conventional tyre to blow out becomes as harmless as a slow leak.

Protection from PUNCTURES

Reduces roadside delays because the airtight Safety-Liner, which is bonded to the inside of the tyre, clings to penetrating nails and sharp objects, preventing loss of air and enabling completion of a journey.

There's safety with all these Firestone Long Service Features

Firestone (De Luxe and Town & Country) tyres are available in tubeless construction incorporating all the special Firestone features, Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord body, road-gripping quiet-running treads of scientific design, and longer tyre life.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

Experience Counts—

27 Factories throughout the world. **Firestone** total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. **Firestone** Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS

Saint Ignatius of Loyola ; A Diplomatic Interlude in 1599 ; The Memoirs of General Sir Leslie Hollis ; Life in the Scilly Isles ; and a Variety of Fiction

TO design a biography as much in photographs as in words can be no simple task, particularly when the subject of the study lived 400 years ago. But that is what has been admirably done by Leonard von Matt and Dr. Hugo Rahner, S.J., who have produced respectively the pictures and the text of ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA (Longmans. 30s.). It is a devoutly planned book that has been executed with great taste and elegance. The translation from the German has been carried out with fine care by John Murray, S.J. My only criticism would be that since the photographs have been presented in batches and with no margins, the captions are anything from one to five pages ahead, which makes reference rather tiresome. That is a small thing to set against the general impressiveness of the volume.

Having recently been treated to a racy biography of that genial Guelph, Edward VII, one can now turn to a more urbane side of the picture of those times in AN EDWARDIAN YOUTH, by L. E. Jones (Macmillan. 18s.). In that golden reign godlike creatures stalked about the Oxford quads and particularly at Balliol. Against the dreaming spires they could be found "settling themselves in classic attitudes upon lawns broad enough to take their longest shadows." The shadow cast by the author possibly outdistanced a great many, since, as Captain of Boats, it was lapped upon the longer reaches of the Upper Thames. It even added a cultural note to the dimmer corners of Staircase Fourteen.

The thin, scrannel-piping *hubris* of these nostalgic pages is only equalled by the apprehension with which one realises that these men were representative of those leaders who brought this country to near disaster in two world wars. Nor does one contemplate nemesis with any less terror for the knowledge that their Wykehamist successors seem to have all their faults of intellectual arrogance with none of their charm.

It is always interesting to read of those baroque and even fantastic interludes that make English history the fascinating study that it is. In 1599 Queen Elizabeth decided to send a magnificent present to the Sultan of Turkey as a diplomatic advance in a not-too-subtle diplomatic game. The gift was spoken of in her State Papers in the following terms: "Here is a great and curious present going to the great Turk which no doubt wilbe much talked of among other nations, specially the Germanes." The improbable present was a clock-organ which could produce a roll of drums, sound a fanfare, chime the hours, and play airs by itself. It was contained in a case decorated with moving figures and with birds which sang and fluttered their wings. One can only hope the great Turk appreciated it all. AN ORGAN FOR THE SULTAN (Putnam. 21s.) is Mr. Stanley Mayes's highly entertaining account of the affair and of the journey of the little Lancashire inventor who sailed to Turkey with his masterpiece.

In these islands we are used to the vagaries of the sea, of the tides or of the sea-mists, but in the tiny Scilly Isles these conditions are not just a matter of acceptance. There they rule and direct every hour of the working—or the social—day, and all events from flower-loading to christenings must be arranged to suit the tides and weather. Mrs. Wendy Aldridge, who has run a flower farm with her husband on one of the smaller islands for the past ten years, writes of the islanders as much as of the beauties and hardships that the islands so prodigally provide. HOBNAILS AND SEA-BOOTS (Harrap. 15s.) is therefore a more complete guide to life in the Scillies than one might expect. It is also a warm-hearted tribute to a way of life in which the farmers wear yachting caps and the fishermen prefer trilbies.

ONE MARINE'S TALE (André Deutsch. 15s.) belongs very much to the present and the immediate past, for General Sir Leslie Hollis has written as much about the exploits of the Royal Marines, the corps of which he was to become Commandant-General, as about his own experiences. The latter included being Staff Officer to Winston Churchill throughout the war and, in Churchill's words, "a tower of strength," besides being Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee during the same period. Arduous is perhaps an understatement for this kind of work, and one is glad to note the conclusion that "a sense of humour has usually been a powerful aid."

BY ROAD TO THE BLACK SEA: Mr. Eric Williams, author of the best-selling escape story, *The Wooden Horse*, sets off with his wife on a journey by Land-Rover through the countries of Europe to the Black Sea port of Odessa. As a result of his journey Mr. Williams is hoping to bring back film material for television, and to write a book on life in Eastern Europe.

Mr. Warren Miller is a new American novelist who could not get his book published in his own country because, with wit and wisdom, it savages the sacred name and reputation of Senator McCarthy. THE SLEEP OF REASON (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is a first novel, but for all that it is deserving of those words, wit and wisdom. It would defy classification between the poles of Connolly and Amis, for it is as American as Hemingway or Faulkner and yet utterly dissimilar. Mr. Warren Miller says he plans to go on writing "undismayed by the so-far-negative response of New York publishers."

A TRICK OF THE SUN (Heinemann. 15s.) is an English novel, the second one from Mr. John St. John, described with fair accuracy as a tragi-comedy. It is, in fact, a study of a boy who comes to England for the first time in his twenties to take up work as an accountant. He has left West Africa and his Negro mother reluctantly, but is determined to seek out his English relations and greet them, as would traditionally be done in his own tribe. He discovers that his father was the sixteenth baron in an old line, and the question of his own legitimacy and his succession to the title is taken to the House of Lords amidst much publicity. Mr. St. John has handled his characters with kindly irony and the novel has pathos as well as point.

Another traveller from abroad is the principal figure in Miss J. Delves-Broughton's novel. The setting is the London of a hundred years ago, at a time when a great part of English opinion was favourable to Garibaldi's struggle for a free and united Italy, and when there was more than one Englishman in the irregular ranks of his army. A SOJOURN IN ENGLAND (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a romantic and human story told against a background of distant revolutions and strife.

There are four novels this week that will take even the most sedentary and static person on some long journeys. The first is Mrs. Florence Preston's story of New Zealand, A GALLOWS TREE (Cassell. 15s.). This is a first novel by a writer from that country and has plenty of good sense and vitality.

THE LAST FLOWERS (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is South American in background but English and uncompromising in its mood and its writing. Mr. Michael Barrett has only one other novel to his credit. His style is uneven but generally clear, and he tells his story at a great pace.

Miss Eunice Buckley has written about a gifted musician and his frustrated career against the unusual background of the Italian part of Switzerland, where the *Romansch* dialect is spoken as often as Italian and far more frequently than German-Swiss. SHADOW OF A GOD (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is a little intense in its feeling and sentiment, but readable for all that, since Miss Buckley has something to say and a purpose behind her plot.

THE PILLAR OF SALT (Elek. 16s.) is by the North African writer, M. Albert Memmi, and is the tale of a man born of a Jewish father and a Berber mother, who is raised as a Jew in the squalor of the Tunis ghetto. As he comes to manhood he begins to doubt the faith of his religion under the pressure of his difficult life and such tragedies as an Arab pogrom. Moving, even gripping, and excellently translated from the French by M. Edouard Roditi.

THE GOLDEN QUILL (W. H. Allen. 16s.) is a romantic reconstruction of the life of Mozart, told through the device of his sister's diary, and the quill itself is a present to the boy, Wolfgang Mozart, from George III. Very readable and richly supplied with contemporary detail by its author, Mr. Bernard Grun.

MONMOUTH HARRY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is by a new author, Miss A. M. Maughan, who writes like a veteran of her hero Henry V, and has a pleasantly straightforward and dignified style.

A PRINCE OF MANTUA

A Paradox of Italian History

The period when Mantua flowed with verses, music, jewels, robes, talk and laughter is the romantic theme that Maria Bellonci, one of Italy's most distinguished writers, has chosen for her latest work of biography. Her subject is Vincenzo Gonzaga, the fair-haired, elegant son of a hunchbacked, sickly father, Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga. She could hardly have chosen a more intriguing character, for in all Italian history there is no more paradoxical figure than Vincenzo. Here was a young man of great intelligence, with taste and imagination above the average, and good looks and abounding personal charm. Yet through all this splendour there ran a vein of failure and disillusionment. It was part of the pattern leading to the ultimate ruin of the great house of Gonzaga which came to power in Mantua near the beginning of the fourteenth century and maintained its patrimony until 1708, the year of the Austrian annexation. Maria Bellonci not only paints the colourful background of sixteenth-century Mantua, but searches in detail into the character of Vincenzo, discovering many clues in the Prince's difficult relationship with his own deformed father, in his frustration at the wait for power, and the withholding of personal funds in his early manhood. A PRINCE OF MANTUA (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) is a notable biography and superbly translated from the Italian by Stuart Hood.

Another extraordinary character, less baffling than Vincenzo and the product of another, but no less full-blooded age, was Colonel William F. Cody, the great American scout. In BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST (Hamish Hamilton. 35s.) Victor Weybright and Henry Blackman Sell have produced a carefully documented and enthralling account of this man who became a legend. Cody was born in Iowa in 1846. His father, Isaac Cody, was a restless, ambitious, energetic man, and the same vein runs through the character of the son, whose youth and life on the plains, adventures in fighting the Red Indians, and pioneering with the Pony Express, led to his emergence as one of the outstanding scouts of Civil War days. This was a prelude to his appearance as one of the world's great showmen. The magic of Buffalo Bill's personality and the tone he set made him the darling of his own era, and the bane of his own domestic circle. Victor Weybright and Henry Sell have written factually and well. They do not spare us the shortcomings of Buffalo Bill, but they show him essentially for what he was, a man of immense vigour with the true pioneering instinct and a real feeling for the West.

Most of us associate Ferdinand de Lesseps with the Suez Canal, yet if he had not had years of experience in diplomacy before that famous venture it is very doubtful if he could have carried it through. Turkey was hostile and so was England, represented by the formidable personalities of Palmerston and Stratford de Redcliffe. Charles Beatty, in his new biography FERDINAND DE LESSEPS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.), emphasises the great authority of this man, who could transform ideas into reality and who had the capacity to inspire the deepest devotion in all who worked with him.

Grosvenor Square, that six-acre plot in the heart of London that is soon to be the scene of a magnificent new building project by one of America's leading architects, is the focal-point of Anglo-American relations. Geoffrey Williamson has made it the subject of a delightful book, STAR-SPANGLED SQUARE (Geoffrey Bles. 21s.), in which he traces some of the highlights of "Little America," or "Eisenhowerplatz," as the G.I.s sometimes facetiously chose to call it during the Second World War.

COSTUME CAVALCADE (Methuen. 21s.) is Henry Harald Hansen's full and vivid commentary on the trends of fashion through the ages. Nearly 700 illustrations in six colours take us from the styles of ancient Egypt to the beach-wear of the 1950's. The author shows how style and fashion are bound up with man's scientific progress, which has made possible such materials as nylon and perlon.

An INVENTORY OF THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN CAERNARVONSHIRE, Volume I, (Stationery Office. £3 5s.) is an illustrated record of the ancient buildings and earlier remains of the eastern third of the county. It is the work of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire. Many of the sites mentioned have not previously been recorded and very few have hitherto been adequately described in any way.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

BOOKS FOR OUR READERS

Naked They Pray

Pearce Gervis

For a long time Pearce Gervis shared the popular cynical attitude to the practice of Yoga, until two unconnected incidents led him to take a more serious attitude. This book is the result of his studies in India, during which he was able to meet some of the most revered gurus and sages.

288 pp., illustrated, 25/- net

CASSELL

Publishers' News

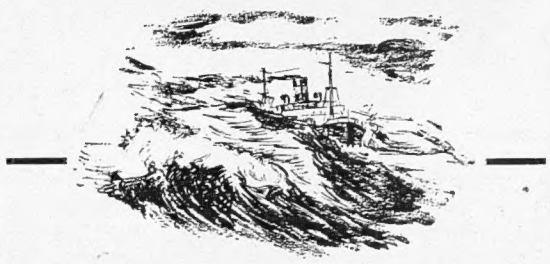
The Dolphin's Skin. . . . By James Turner. Six studies in eccentricity. The subjects include Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, Edward Fitzgerald and Gainsborough's brother. (*Cassell.* 21*s.*)

The Mystery of Lourdes. . . . By Ruth Cranston. The story of Bernadette and the development of the Shrine from the year of the Saint's first vision until to-day. (*Evans.* 18*s.*)

Geoffrey Keyes, V.C., of the Rommel Raid. . . . By the Hon. Elizabeth Keyes. The epic of the daring raid in the desert and how its leader won a post-humous V.C. is told by the hero's sister. (*Newnes.* 21*s.*)

The Other Island. . . . By E. H. Clements. A novel of mystery and suspicion, and a leakage of Government Research information. The scene is two remote islands off the Welsh coast. (*Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The Happy Exiles. . . . By Felicity Shaw. Set Somewhere in the Colonies, this amusing first novel introduces a shrewd and witty talent. (*Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)



Arctic Convoy

TAFFRAIL

A thrilling novel based on fact—the wartime Arctic Convoys to Russia.

Published at 16/- net by

HODDER & STOUGHTON

The true story of a very great sailor

WALKER R.N.

BY TERENCE ROBERTSON

Author of "The Golden Horseshoe"

This is the heroic story of the life and death of Captain F. J. Walker, C.B., D.S.O. (three Bars), R.N., and of the activities of the Second Support Group which finally destroyed the submarine menace in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Fully illustrated. 16/- net

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

EVANS

VIRGINIA COWLES

Edward VII & his Circle

"Full of human and historial interest . . . sensible, sympathetic, and readable."—*The Listener.*

Illustrated. 25s.

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT and HENRY SELL

Buffalo Bill

Recaptures the life and times of this colourful hero and super-showman, who started the cult of the Wild West. *Illustrated. 35s.*

Noblesse Oblige

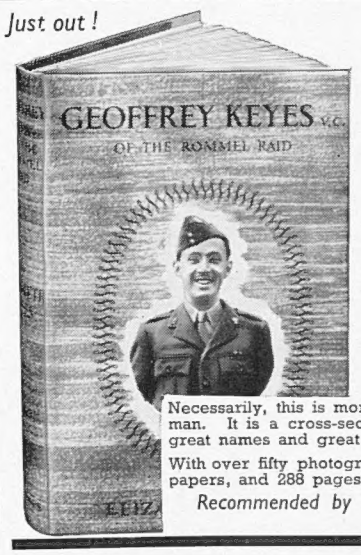
Edited by **NANCY MITFORD**

Illustrated by **OSBERT LANCASTER**

The book that started the current U and non-U craze. *10s. 6d.*

HAMISH HAMILTON

Just out!



By his sister,

The Hon. Elizabeth Keyes—

GEOFFREY KEYES V.C. OF THE ROMMEL RAID

Necessarily, this is more than a story of one man. It is a cross-section of history, full of great names and great occasions.

With over fifty photographs, two-colour end-papers, and 288 pages. 21s. net

Recommended by The Book Society

NEWNES

A splendid Gift for Friends Overseas!

To mark the remembrance of a birthday or to celebrate an anniversary; for business friends or clients overseas, what better or more welcome gift can you give than a subscription to The SPHERE*?*

In every issue The SPHERE *records and illustrates important events throughout the world and contains many other features of outstanding interest, particularly of happenings in Britain and the Commonwealth.*

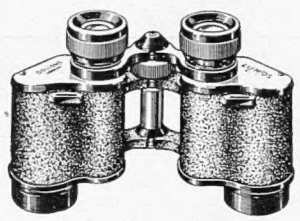
Your regular bookstall or newsagent will gladly arrange subscriptions for you. Alternatively, just write to The Publisher, The SPHERE*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

Subscription rates to The SPHERE for 12 months:

Home £6.1.6 Overseas £5.19.0

Canada £5.14.6

Have you ever looked through a modern Binocular?



You will be very impressed with the clarity and excellent detail, also the remarkable ability of a modern prismatic glass to "see" in poor light. Their lenses and prisms and scientific construction are responsible for this, giving excellent contrast in the subject being viewed.

We cordially invite you to see the range of DOLLOND BINOCULARS which provides a glass for every sporting activity. Prices from £10.10.0 to £57.19.6. May we send you our FREE 32-page BINOCULAR CATALOGUE? This includes Binoculars by Dollond, Kershaw, Ross and Barr & Stroud, and Dollond Telescopes.

DOLLONDS

428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Tel.: TEMple Bar 6009

By **AIR** or **SEA**—*it's better . . .*

VIA CALAIS

the SHORTEST — FASTEST — EASIEST route to the Continent

CALAIS IS THE GATEWAY TO **ALL** EUROPE!

with a daily Passenger and Car Ferry Service by the fastest AIR routes from Southend and Lydd (Ferryfield) and the shortest SEA route from Dover and Folkestone.

Why not ***stay*** *awhile in historic CALAIS?*

—the health resort for all tastes. Wonderful bathing from golden sands, yachting, golf, lawn tennis, fishing. Casino. Attractive surrounding country Sports events throughout the season.

EST 1790

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

MOTORING THROUGH WALES need never pall. Even the fickleness of her climate enhances her scenic charm. At one moment you will find her mountains and valleys soft and soothing, and at another awesome and sullen.

This year we started out on our annual visitation of Welsh hotels from Ross-on-Wye, an admirable starting-gate where a trio of good hotels in and around the town have gained our commendation. In Ross itself will be found The Royal, a Trust House and a sound choice. Outside, on the Hereford road (about four miles), are the entrance gates of Pengethley Hotel, where the Nicholas family are quite indefatigable in anticipating the needs and comforts of their guests. Catering is one of their strong suits, for not only is Mrs. Nicholas well versed in kitchen craft, but they have the resources of their own farm to draw upon.

We spent the night, prior to entering Wales, at Mount Craig Hotel, which stands on a knoll four miles beyond Ross on the Monmouth road. This hotel was acquired last year by Mr. J. Edward Lightfoot (a Canadian by birth with hotel experience), and he and his wife, thanks to knowledge, personal supervision and courteous interest, are now attracting many like ourselves who appreciate the personal touch.

We found nothing to indicate to the tourist the boundary line between England and Wales. The first evidence of being in Wales, if it is a Sunday, is that the bona fide traveller cannot get any alcoholic refreshment !

We looked in at Llansantffraed Court, a Country Club and Hotel outside Abergavenny (entrance gates on the Ragland road), a popular halting-place for the night among motorists travelling to and from Ireland via Fishguard. Our next halt was Gliffaes Country House Hotel and Club, delightfully situated overlooking the Usk beyond Crickhowell. It is famed for its salmon and trout fishing.

Then came our first new hotel discovery in Wales—and what an exciting find it proved. This is The Griffin Inn at Llyswen, on the Talgarth–Builth Wells road, consisting of five delightfully furnished bedrooms, a smoke-room bar and a "public," with a decorative restaurant where *à la carte* meals include scampi, steaks and salmon. Sean Fielding (Irish), who runs this Welsh inn with his Scottish wife, lists some fine ports. Leaving Llyswen regretfully, we travelled on through Rhayader to our anticipated second night's stop—The George Borrow Hotel, Ponterwyd, perched on the slopes of Plynlimon, twelve miles out of Aberystwyth. Fortunate were we to get the one vacant bedroom, for Miss F. E. Withers's fame for cooking has travelled far and, though no menu is presented, all who go there are grateful for what they are given. It was lunchtime next day when, via Aberystwyth and Machynlleth, we reached the clean-faced Brigands Inn at Mallwyd. Full marks to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones for such an attractive inn.

There is no question that hereabouts is one of the most attractive districts in Wales, and fortunately we have other recommendations from which to choose. In Dolgelley we turned up the narrow Lion Street to find The Golden Lion, where Mr. and Mrs. John Hall are the resident proprietors. There is something very homely and friendly about this centuries-old hotel, and although modern comforts have been installed a good deal of pleasant old-fashionedness remains. For those who like adjacent fishing and a certain scenic wildness, Gwernan Lake Hotel will appeal, run by another member of the Hall family, Peter. It is only about two miles outside Dolgelley, but what a lovely hideaway from the world at large ! A third brother, Bill, and his wife run Bontddu Hall Hotel, on the road from Dolgelley to Barmouth. Advantageously situated, with superb views of the Cader Idris mountain-range and of the Mawddach estuary, it makes an ideal base for a country house-cum-sea holiday.

Our next halt was for tea at The Victoria Inn, Llanbedr, where we found innkeeper Harry Warburton eyeing the trout that lie enticingly in the River Artro which runs through the inn's attractive garden. Three more bedrooms, additional bathrooms and the etceteras have been added to this much-sought-after inn since last year.

From this simple inn we passed on to sumptuous splendour, our own cottage with private bathroom, at that fantastic holiday world of its own, Portmeirion. Here we had the good fortune to be personally piloted around the main features of Portmeirion by the architect and founder, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis. There is nothing else like it in the British Isles, and barely a fraction of the story is there room to tell here. Yet to the oft-repeated question, "Where and what is Portmeirion ?", we must give brief answer. Portmeirion is an hotel and a village. Its entrance gates lie off the Penrhyndeudraeth–Portmadoc road. Its genesis was the need for an anchorage for Mr. Ellis's yacht. Out of tangled scrub, a derelict building, an architect's dream began to take shape, and now, as Mr. Christopher Hussey wrote : "This fantastic Acropolis is an architect's dream fulfilled—a glorious medley of Italy, Wales, a pirate's lair, Cornwall, baroque, reason and romance." To stay there you apply to the manager of the hotel. The chances are that you will be offered, if there is room—very doubtful in high season—accommodation in Anchor, Fountain, Angel or one of the many picturesque buildings which grace the cliff sides of this natural paradise. Most of Mr. Ellis's ideals take fruit, but one must always remain a wish ; he told us that if he could have his way no one would visit Portmeirion for the first time unless the weather was fine and the tide in the estuary high. We experienced the reverse, but for all that we were enraptured with this world apart, and we could not fault the quite excellent catering, comfort and service we experienced.

The remainder of our Welsh journeyings during June 1956 must be held over until the next appearance of these Hotel Discoveries.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand : Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel. : Aberdour 8.

NR. BOURNEMOUTH, Sandbanks. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL
Outstanding in its position overlooking Poole Harbour, the sea and the Purbecks. Outstanding in food, wine and service. Golf (Parkstone), Sailing, Sea and Sands close by. Tel. : Canford Cliffs 77272.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort ; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write T. O'Sullivan. Tel. : 46881.

NR. EDINBURGH, GULLANE. GREYWALLS
The only dour thing about this hotel is its name, for comfort and hospitality abound in this lovely Lutyens house. Within easy reach of city, first-class Golf, private Tennis Court, lovely Garden. Licensed. Tel. : Gullane 2144.

FOLKESTONE. PRINCES HOTEL
First-class, fully licensed and in the centre of things. Crossing the Channel (Dover or Folkestone) ? Visiting Canterbury ? Folkestone or Wye Race Meetings ? Or just on Holiday bent ? . . . Stay at Princes. Tel. : 2850.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Always open, always inviting, this first-class hotel caters for holidays, conferences and G.B. motorists. Special attractions are : Own Golf Links, bedrooms with full sea or garden aspect, private bathrooms, ballroom, billiards. Tel. : 67441.

JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
in Britain's farthest south, a delightful spot for holidays. An unparalleled position, facing sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner dances. Cocktail lounge.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed ; phones all rooms ; suites with private bath. Hard tennis. Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341–4.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
where Ashley Courtenay often stays. Central. (2 mins. from South Kensington Underground and bus stop.) 41 bedrooms and some private bathrooms and showers. Fully licensed. Noted for good food. Tel. : KEN 3693. Under same direction as Royal Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend

MALVERN, Worcs. MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL
Superbly situated. Supremely comfortable, with first-class cuisine, choice wines. Beautiful gardens. Under personal supervision of Mrs. Tilla How. Tel. : Malvern 1837.

NEW FOREST, Hinton-St.-Michael. EAST CLOSE HOTEL
Enjoy the pursuits of the country, and pleasures of our table. Forest ponies at our gate. Sea and sands—3 miles. Golf. Tennis. Riding nearby. Now under experienced catering Director who believes in warmth, good food and comfort. Tel. : Bransgore 240.

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Heated Swimming Pool, Golf Course, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV—all free to residents. Fully inclusive terms from 40s. per day. Tel. : Cloughton 233.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
A lovely address for a seaside holiday ! On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern comforts ; farm produce ; good food and wine. Open Easter to mid-October. Terms 36s. to 49s. 6d. daily. Tel. : 288.

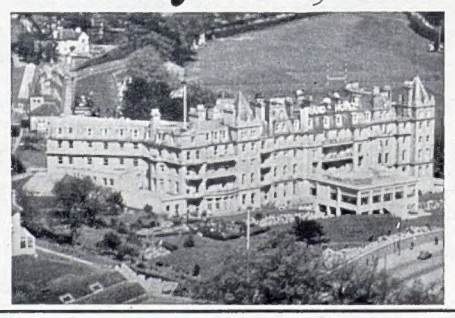
ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some private bathrooms). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis courts. Service garage. Licensed. Open end April to October. Write for brochure, or Tel. : 106.

THURLESTONE, S. DEVON. At this delectable suntrap village by the sea, **THE THURLESTONE** (100 rooms) and **LINKS HOTELS** (50 rooms) are *ideal for your summer holiday.* Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, billiards. Write for details.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS. THE SPA HOTEL
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel. : 20331 (3 lines).

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards, Bowls—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath) ; self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL

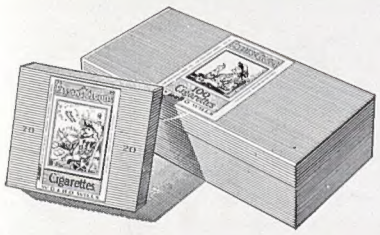


For your Summer Holidays

Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.

Write O. R. Paul.

Tel. : 25234.



20 for 4s. 6d.
100 for 22s. 6d.

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills

PASSING CLOUDS

. . . not a cigarette you get offered in everybody's house, by any means; but how gratifying when you are! For Passing Clouds, ever since 1874, have been made for people who prefer a Virginian-flavoured cigarette, but who demand of it distinction, an oval shape, and—of course—superb quality.

WPC3

COSIMO DE' MEDICI (1389-1464)
"Uncrowned king of Florence", Cosimo brought to full power the European network of commerce and finance — amongst the first of its kind — which his father had initiated. The drawing is after a cast in the British Museum.

A commonwealth where the independent resources of each unit are integrated with the massive reserves of the centre . . . here is the ideal picture of industrial strength.

PAPER AND PACKAGING
Reed
PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD
Aylesford Mills, Tovil Mills and Bridge Mills, Maidstone

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD
THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD · REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD · BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD
HOLOPLAST LTD · REED FLONG LTD
POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD · REED PAPER SALES LTD

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London W.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2.
SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1956. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.